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WROTH¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE late spring had deepened into early summer over the city of lilies and roses, and the air was full, almost to over-sweetness, of the breath of the iris. Roses foamed over the walls, ran riot in the gardens, scattered themselves on every quick breeze. Everything in the world, as bounded by those low hills, had gained colour, richness, perfume. The skies were solid blue, the very shadows permeated with sunshine. The heats were earlier than usual; and Florence—the gay, social scandalmongering, gossiping, easy-moralled, and kind-tempered—was scampering off to its villas or to the seaboard, to Paris, to Switzerland or Vienna. In the Palazzo Mordante there were constant preparations for departure, but the moment was ever delayed. There was a feeling of expectation, of waiting, in the whole atmosphere of the place.

‘And when does your ladyship intend to tell the poor young nobleman that you are his lawful wife?’ was Mrs. Panton’s daily inquiry to her mistress, with the variants: ‘How you can reconcile it with your conscience to let other people have the nursing of him, seeing it is your right and dooty?’ or ‘What’s keeping your ladyship from his lordship? What does the surgeon know about it then?’ ‘How long does your ladyship mean to uphold this poor kind of game? It’s nice tales they’re tattling of us—I can let your ladyship know. And that wretched Peggie gettin’

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well there, at Munrepo, all under false pretences. Wicked, I call it, my lady! What did I say from the beginning?’

Juliana was very gentle with her irate old nurse; opened her heart more to her, upon some odd twist of reserve, than to Spiridion, with all his delicate refinement of imagination.

‘O Panton, dear!—I am not to go to him till he sends for me; I must not dare to tell him yet, he has been so ill! Not till the wound is quite healed, Panton.’

And there then came the days of hidden feasts at the Palazzo Mordante, when Spiridion, the daily go-between, brought such snippets of news as: ‘This morning, the wing of a chicken and a mouthful of wine,’ or ‘To-day our scamp is to sit by the window,’ or yet ‘To-day we are to be wheeled upon the terrace. We make progress, my daughter, such progress!—Inconceivable!’

With every such step Juliana bloomed into brighter beauty; she who had looked womanly even in her girlish years, now began to have about her a nameless, shy grace, an exquisite re-blossoming of virginal youth, before the promise of the hour.

The last spring flowers were dead; to the end of her days the odour of lilies would sicken her in memory; but with the breath of the roses would linger her tenderest hauntings.

She wore a bunch of dark-red roses in the bosom of her filmy black muslin gown; its delicate folds were gathered to her waist with purple ribbon. Her youth, her beauty, her glorious whiteness of skin, the night richness of her hair, the purple of her eyes, radiated from the cloudy setting, in so many notes of colour.

Spiridion gallantly shaded his eyes with his hand.

‘A vision!’ he cried, as he stood on the threshold, beaming upon her. His own countenance was beautiful with good tidings. ‘We are ordered to the hills and to the fresh air, and I am commissioned to find a suitable villa!’ he cried; ‘and *subito*, as they say here! The doctor (I have taken quite a liking to the monster) would prefer it to be to-morrow if possible. It’s quick march with him, now, the martinet! But where——?’

Juliana’s eyes, which never sparkled nor flashed, but took to themselves deeper hues in moments of emotion, grew dark now. Spiridion took a seat beside her and gathered her long ivory hand in his. She drew it from him and he saw a light shudder pass through her.

‘Take him to Torre di Montemuscoli,’ she said after a pause.

'Juliana! . . .'

'Let him go to Montemuscoli. He does not know it is mine—yet. It stands so high, it is healthy and so cool, the view is so vast! All is ready there, all is waiting for us. The new wing on the garden, over the terraces, is prepared for the summer—the gardens, the gardens are in bloom——'

She spoke rapidly, her lids cast down over the tell-tale deepening of her eyes.

Spiridion sat looking at her and forgot to speak, so many conflicting feelings were in his mind: surprise, sympathy—that sadness which the old must ever feel at the sight of young joy; sadness too that she would so soon pass from him, and withal a great thankfulness. Juliana's tide of emotion battled a little while with her reserve. At last she turned to him passionately:

'Oh, indulge me in this! I have had dreams—such dreams in that garden!'

'But—my child! You would propose to join him there, then? Surely you do not mean to let him leave Florence without telling him your secret—that secret which you alone can tell——'

Juliana drew back into her chair and averted her head.

'I must wait till he comes for me,' she said, and paused.

He saw the blood rise in the pure oval of her face. 'I do not think,' she said at last, 'that he will leave Florence without me.'

Spiridion (what was he there for, as he said himself, but to do the bidding of these two he loved?) in the course of the day obediently carried out his mission with all the diplomatic skill he flattered himself was peculiarly his own.

He found Wroth testing his strength by pacing the length of his terrace. The young man wheeled round, a flame in each cheek proclaiming the recent exertion. He had grown thinner, and an air of delicacy lent an extraordinary spirituality to his countenance.

'I have taken twenty turns,' he cried triumphantly. 'That pestilent surgeon keeps me mewed up and thinks I am rolled about in a chair still—I have been a quarter of a mile to-day; I have reckoned it.'

'Wait till you get to the hills, in the cool breezes,' answered Spiridion, rubbing his hands. 'Sit down now, my boy; you'll want all your vigour saved up for to-morrow. Eh, I've not been idle. And I've been lucky. You've no idea what I have found for you. Such a place, such air, such scenery! An historic castle,

what do you say to that? And only two hours' drive from Florence.'

Wroth, who had let himself sink into his cushioned wicker couch with more alacrity than he would have been willing to confess, turned his eyes, fiercely eager, upon the speaker. The bright colour had begun to ebb from his face. Spiridion looked at the transparent hand, blue-veined, outflung with unconscious lassitude on the arm of the chair, trembling a little as it lay.

'It is high time indeed you should get out of this heat,' he cried in concern. 'And that is the beauty of my discovery—you can start, as I say, to-morrow——'

'To-morrow!' interrupted the other. The red leaped back into his cheek. Spiridion positively started at the fire of his glance. 'To-morrow,' repeated Wroth, closed his eyes, and leaned back against his cushions as one falling into a dream.

'Yes, yes,' said Spiridion, soothingly. 'Let me tell you now about this place,' he went on as if to a child; he was alarmed at the sight of so wild a spirit in a frame still so weak. 'Torre di Montemuscoli, an old mountain fortress, the seat of a once powerful family. It has been added to as late as the last century. Conceive the effect: medieval tower on one side; and on the other, terraces designed by Rubattino—yes, terraces, my young friend, and gardens, they say, that——' Here Spiridion had an inspiration. 'The rent,' he said, 'the rent is stiff, but that you will not mind.' ('Now,' he thought, 'I have put off any possible suspicion.')

Wroth, leaning eagerly forward on one elbow, had devoured the description.

'Terraces, gardens,' he repeated, 'and not all dilapidated, not merely a kind of old raven's nest on a crag? A place in fact one could bring a lady to?' the phrase escaped him unawares. He whitened and shot a furtive glance at the old man.

'Eh, eh, we are coming to it,' commented La Roche-Amand within. But, outwardly, he wore an air of such elaborate abstraction that, had Wroth been less absorbed in his own devouring thought, he must have perceived how transparently he was being humoured.

'Heavens,' he went on aloud, 'how well we are, on your shady terrace this hot afternoon! But this Arno hath a savour none too agreeable. Dilapidated did you say? *Nenni*—the place is in magnificent repair, so they assure me, even luxurious. The last owner was a very rich man. He is dead, the race is extinct, his

widow is glad to let. *Mon Dieu*, a young woman! what does she want in the mountains?—You authorise me then——?’

‘Conclude, conclude!’ cried Wroth. ‘I’ll start to-morrow.’

His leg flung over the side of the long chair, his hands on either arm, ready to rise, he was caught again by his deep dream.

Spiridion stood before him, waiting indulgently. Below stretched the Lung’Arno, half flaring sunshine, half deep shadow. Between the two banks the river shone copper green in the lee of the left; for the rest, one dazzling sparkle. The eye could scarce bear to rest on the whiteness of the further quay. With all the sunshine there was a puffing mischievous wind which blew as from a furnace, and carried swirls of dust in its fitful passage, together with scents from flower-laden walls—heavy pollen-laden scents of lime blossom and clematis to mingle with the indescribable odours of sweltering water and baking street.

‘It will be beautiful in the mountains,’ thought Spiridion; ‘he means her to come to him there,’ was the obvious intuition, he knew his own path lay now no longer with them; ‘this lover who knows not he is husband. There will be no place for the old man.’

‘Two hours’ drive, did you say?’ inquired Wroth suddenly; ‘I will start at five to-morrow evening.’ Then he cried sharply, ‘But what are you doing here, Comte? Go, go and conclude the bargain! Hurry!’

The next morning Spiridion demanded to see Juliana before she had risen. So unusual a request filled her for a moment with alarm—the soul that loves is thus vulnerable: ever ready for misfortune. The first sight of her godfather’s countenance, however, reassured her. It was quivering with suppressed amusement; and though it was perturbed too, the trouble was evidently of a humorous description.

‘Forgive me, *fillicule*,’ he began, ‘for this intrusion. I have had a letter—an irrepressible chuckle broke from him—and a conversation, early as it is, with that rascal Sebastien Picard who brought it. You will never guess, Juliana, what is preparing! Our young madman——’ Again he broke off to chuckle. Juliana, more silent than ever these last weeks, spoke no word. She lay still among her pillows, in the semi-darkness, questioning with her eyes.

‘My faith,’ he began afresh, ‘it is the most singular situation.

If you had listened to me, child, you would have gone with your story to your husband a week ago. Well, well, young wills must find their way——' Here he was interrupted by a long, approving sniff from Panton, who stood unnoticed by one of the great windows, her hand still on the undrawn purple curtain, in the attitude in which she had been surprised by Spiridion's entrance. The old man started slightly. 'I thought we were alone,' he said, warningly.

'Oh, you may speak freely!' said Juliana, 'I am done with secrets; and besides, she has known from the beginning. Pull back the curtains, Panton; let in the air and the light. I am listening, godfather.'

'I have here a letter,' he resumed. 'Oh, there are not many words in it.

Please tell Juliana I shall come and see her to-day, at a quarter to five o'clock, on my way to Torre.—WROTH.

'Short and to the point, is it not? But now comes the kernel of my news. Sebastien—that rogue! regular *valet de comédie*—makes up for his master's laconism. Eh, *mon Dieu!*——' La Roche-Amand laughed again; yet there was a shade of anxiety in the eye he fixed upon the face among the pillows—these women's souls with their pride and their fierce sensitiveness, their straining at ideals and their childish susceptibilities, one never quite knew where to have them! 'Our young man has formed a pretty little plan, it seems nothing else will serve him—he means to carry you off, my dear! An elopement *en règle*. *Hè*, it used to be quite the fashion in my young days—did matters come to a crisis: *Nous enlevons!* and all was right. But such a story as this; a man eloping with his own wife . . . and to her own house! Well—well, you can tell him the famous secret at last, Juliana, when he comes to you to-day, this hero, this madman, this lover of yours to un a way with his own property.'

He broke off, Juliana's eyes were lost in space, her hand crept up to the hidden ring in her bosom.

'She's off in a dream, off in a dream, faith, just as he did yesterday. Well, realities come soon enough—let them dream!' As for himself, La Roche-Amand felt with increasing conviction that his hour of interference was over. They were being drawn ever closer to each other by the irresistible force of attraction—nothing must come between them now; not even he who loved them best.

Panton stirred him from the reverie into which he himself was falling.

'I'd better be packing her ladyship's things, I'm thinking, and prepare to start for Torry myself, as soon as her ladyship has gone off with his lordship.' She came to the foot of the bed, clasped its carved panel with both her plump hands, and looked pleasantly from her abstracted mistress to Spiridion, whose face was once more wrinkled with smiles. 'I am glad his lordship has come to so sensible a decision. I am sure it is high time. I trust,' she cried parenthetically, even in this moment of satisfaction, the habitual groan was not to be foregone, 'that his lordship's health will not suffer for ever from the trouble he's been put through, poor young nobleman! I'm thinking, your ladyship, there's that box of French clothes we scarcely looked at after it come last July. There's a lemon-yellow morning robe, if I remember right, which ought to suit your ladyship wonderfully.'

CHAPTER XXX.

THE stroke of five was floating in the air from Santa Croce's deep bell when Lord Wroth was announced in Battista's most ceremonious manner.

Juliana was alone in the great shaded *salon*, her heart beating heavily. She had come to no resolution as to her conduct, save one: that she who had so long refused herself to her vow would now let herself be guided by his least wish. He might do with her as he pleased. Her first impulse was to wait till he came up to her. But at the end of the long room she thought she saw him sway as he advanced; even from that distance, and in the grey dimness, the ravages of his illness were but too apparent. So she rose and went quickly towards him, and they met midway.

He took her hand—his grasp was ice-cold. He made no attempt to draw her to him. All the tide of her full heart rushing to her lips at last, in tenderness, anxiety, womanly helpfulness, was checked by his first words, by the look he fixed upon her.

'I am here to fetch you. I am here to take you away with me. It has come to the end with me. If you refuse to go with me—then I, who returned to life only for you, will die here at your feet. It will be quite easy. I have but to tear apart that scarce-healed scar. When you kissed me that day, and the wound broke

open and all my blood leaped, it was very sweet to feel my life flowing away for you. I lived because it is best to live for you, but the next best is to die because of you. Now you can choose.'

He spoke in set tones that betrayed no emotion, like one who has long prepared what he has to say.

Juliana, looking up into his face, was terrified by its death-like hue, the wild light in his eyes, the savage determination of his expression. She dared as little reveal as resist—here indeed was no moment for dramatic disclosure. . . .

'Yes,' she said, 'yes, Wroth.' Her accent was gently maternal. 'Yes, I will come with you.'

'Now ?'

'Now. Where you will.'

'Then come,' he said. He dropped her hand and offered her his arm, still with that deadly air of composure that made her almost tremble for his reason.

As they went down the room, she could feel the effort with which he braced his weakness, and all her soul cried out to him in solicitude.

At the end of the gallery, Panton, with a businesslike air, stood waiting, a cloak on her arm, a hat in her hand. She curtsied as they approached and went forward to robe her mistress. Wroth stood apart then, and Juliana saw him wipe his brow. Spiridion had completely effaced himself. No one but the servants helped them into the *calèche*, and in deep silence they drove away together.

Spiridion, at first lurking in a doorway of the gallery, and then hidden in an upper window, watched the departure. In spite of himself there was a great sadness upon him as the last little flicker of dust fell back to the ground behind the carriage wheels. Doubts assailed him; the child of his adoption had gone from him, carried away in the whirl of a love as remorseless and lawless as it was passionate. Wroth had looked strangely, to his thinking: they all had been too precipitate, his health was as yet incompletely restored, his mental balance obviously disturbed. Spiridion was tormented by the thought that he could no longer watch over Juliana. Nothing left for him now but the few last details of business for her, the final household arrangements. Then . . . well then, the packing for his own departure.

He felt very old and desolate as he descended the stairs and came along the gallery to seek his own apartment. But the sight

of Panton, bonneted, shawled, weighted down on either side with huge handboxes, moving her bulk, withal, with extraordinary celerity towards the hall, was an inspiring spectacle.

'I am going, Mosser le Comte,' she announced, turning her large rubicund visage importantly towards him. 'And God knows if I'll arrive alive along these heathen roads with no better protection than that flibberty French fellow of his lordship's! Yes, sir, Sebastien has come for me in his lordship's curricule, with his lordship's luggage. We arranged that between ourselves this morning, as soon as I saw in her ladyship's eye that she meant to do it at last. Why, if I'd waited for that old Battista, it would be midnight before I got to Torry.'

So it was, after all, with a smile on his lips that Spiridion re-entered the little corner room where he had known such sunny and troubled hours.

Upon the mosaic table he found his *courrier* awaiting him. There was a letter in an unknown hand, sealed with gigantic wafers. It was a bulky packet, and an enclosure fell out as he opened it. It was covered with a sprawling illiterate handwriting, and signed 'Peggy Vaughan'; and with his unfamiliar acquaintance with English, it took him some time before he could decipher its purport.

Then he was filled with wonder at the irony of fate—six weeks ago, how much would the document have meant! How much anguish, sin, and sorrow would it have averted! Now it was of less consequence than one of those faded fluttering petals the clematis about his window was casting upon the evening breeze. He began to read afresh. The letter was a strange self-revealing piece of work. As he laboriously made out sentence after sentence, the woman's nature, in all its pitiful perversion, was laid bare before him.

'Sir,' she began, 'I address myself to you, because I feel you are a gentleman that will act fair to a poor girl, and see she gets her rights after being made a catspaw of for other people's aims.'—There was no use (she went on) in writing to her foster-sister, because she was as hard as nails. As for Lord Wroth, he was a madman, but she trusted 'that you, sir, will see he does me justice after all I've gone through. . . .' And the pith of it all was, that having recovered from her illness, she had seen the evil of deceit and was prepared to give up all pretension to Lord Wroth's name, on condition—it was humorous of poor Peggy to be making conditions, nevertheless

it was with a keen eye to the main chance, as the context showed—on condition that the allowance due to her from Juliana, according to bargain, should not be discontinued; and likewise that Lord Wroth should continue to pay the similar yearly sum, of which she had already received a first instalment. This was the least, she opined, that he could do as amends for his treatment of her. There were likewise the moneys left to her by the late Comte Mordante, to which Juliana knew she had as good a right as ever woman had.

The letter almost escaped Spiridion's fingers. Here was revelation indeed, here the explanation of much that had puzzled him in Juliana's attitude towards her dead husband—her bitterness, her reserve, her final and complete indifference to his memory! It was with a sensation of keen disgust that he forced himself to further perusal.

Peggy wound up by declaring, with her characteristic combination of impudence and pleading, that she had now an opportunity of settling herself in the world with a gentleman who had long been attached to her, Mr. Martindale—one well known to Lord Wroth himself. Were the necessary settlements made upon her, according to the desires above expressed, she naïvely remarked, there would be no difficulty about this marriage. But, were she denied—final threats of scandal and exposure alternated with pathetic appeals.

The old man flung the sheet from him on the table contemptuously. The creature should be paid her price because the name of Wroth was now sacred to Juliana, and her peace could not be bought too dearly. But as for the foolish being herself, what were her words, her threats? But as waves beating the foot of a lofty rock. They could cast up a little foam and slime from the troubled waters, no more.

He was absorbed in reflection; and on the painted walls of his room the ruddy sunset tints were beginning to fade when the porter entering informed him that an English gentleman, who desired earnestly to speak with his Excellency, was awaiting him in the anteroom.

Spiridion read on the card presented by the man the name vaguely familiar:

*Mr. Minchin,
Great St. Helen's.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

HASTILY thrusting Peggy's effusion into his breast-pocket, La Roche-Amand, with some feelings of impatience, descended the stairs. What could the stranger with the impossible name be wanting of him ?

He found, pacing the anteroom, an angular, grey-faced man, the rigid decorum of whose attire and manner was pathetically at variance with the weariness and dishevelment of a long journey and of some evidently overpowering mental excitement and anxiety.

'You have desired to speak with me,' said Spiridion, in his laboured English.

'Sir,' began Mr. Minchin formally, with a stiff bow, 'I have ventured to present myself.' Then the emotion that possessed him broke forth. 'Thank heaven, sir, you understand English ! The stupidity of these Italians ! I have been three hours, positively three hours, in endeavouring to find traces of my Lord Wroth—I was at last directed to you.'

Spiridion interrupted, his face lighting up :

'Ah, now I comprehend—you are a friend of Lord Wroth. Will you not come in and be seated ?'

He gave a genial wave of the hand ; but suddenly pulled himself up, struck by a suspicion : perhaps this grimy and scarcely prepossessing person was some emissary of Peggy ? It behoved the man of diplomacy to go warily.

'A friend of Lord Wroth ? I trust I may call myself at least a friend of the family he represents,' said Mr. Minchin, as he passed into the *salon*. 'Yes, I have tried to be a friend to Lord Wroth.' A deep sense of personal injury betrayed itself in his grating voice, his thin lips folded themselves in repression, then he pursued : 'I am his lordship's lawyer, sir. I and my forbears have done the business of the house of Wroth for a century.'

Once again Spiridion's countenance cleared.—The famous lawyer !

'But how then, my good sir !' he cried, motioning his guest to a seat. 'I am delighted to see you. Lord Wroth has become very dear to me, has grown into my heart, I may say——'

He paused. The face opposite to him expressed no sympathy with this expansiveness. Mr. Minchin cleared his throat slightly,

and the sound expressed more eloquently than most words a dry divergence of sentiment.

'I have very important business with his lordship,' he went on; 'will you kindly inform me where I can find him? I have left England, at considerable inconvenience to myself—considerable inconvenience—not to speak of my business, and I have no time to spare. An intolerable journey, sir, I have travelled night and day, and the incompetence and insolence of the foreigners, ahem! May I trouble you for Lord Wroth's address?'

Spiridion began to feel a gentle sense of malice rise within him. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the features and form opposite to him with twinkling eyes. What a type, what a voice, what arrogance of legal importance, what middle-class self-assertiveness! And, to crown all, there was the skull under which had been conceived the mad scheme of Wroth's marriage! Romance, therefore, must have been there. Romance in that living personation of document and dry law? *Diable*, what a race these English were! Wroth, the ardent, the beautiful, headlong lover on one side, and this being on the other, to have met and produced between them such folly and such success!

'I—I believe—nay, I feel empowered to assure you, sir, that it will be impossible for you to see Lord Wroth for some days to come.'

His eyelids narrowed with amusement over the agitation Mr. Minchin instantly betrayed.

'But I must see Lord Wroth. It is imperative. Good heavens, you cannot have any conception of the importance of the situation! The fortune of the house of Wroth is at stake—the credit of my name, of the firm of Minchin, sir, a firm that has for centuries been noted for its ability, honoured for its integrity. Good God!' cried Mr. Minchin, mopping his brow with a dusty handkerchief, 'have you any conception of the monstrous folly which your friend Lord Wroth is contemplating?' He checked himself on the verge of revelation, with a positive jerk.

Spiridion was quite enjoying himself. He would soon be able to relieve the worthy person's distress, and his kind heart found pleasure in the thought; but meanwhile he permitted himself to keep him a little longer in suspense, partly in punishment for the lawyer's atrocious manners, partly to gratify that sense of satisfaction in his own control of the situation—a satisfaction against which even the most philosophic are rarely quite proof.

'You mean,' he said, joining his finger-tips and speaking with great suavity, 'you refer, doubtless, to that remarkable marriage contract into which Lord Wroth was induced to enter?'

Minchin's jaw dropped.

'You are aware of the facts, then,' he snapped, after a pause.

'*Mon Dieu, oui!*' Spiridion waved his delicate hand. 'Have I not told you—milord is my very good friend?'

'Then you know, sir,' exploded the attorney, 'what I did to save his fortune. You know, sir, the impossible nature of the young man, his obstinacy, his profligacy! I—I—it required an extraordinary combination, a knowledge of the law which I may say no other man in England could have put into practice, to legalise such a situation, beside all the weight of my repute to carry it through. He ran me to twenty-six hours' limit—did you know that, sir?—and in twenty-six hours I did it. I acted against my conscience to rescue him from—from beggary.' The admission leaped out before Mr. Minchin could check it. 'And what is the return he makes me? Read that, sir, read that!'

Mr. Minchin, with trembling fingers, produced a pocket-book, extracted from it a docketed letter, and dashed it open before Spiridion. In Wroth's characteristic writing ran the following characteristic lines:

Hôtel de l'Ecu de France, Compiègne.

MY DEAR MINCHIN,—You got me into a diabolical scrape. You meant well, but I am not going to remain in it. I must and will be free. Break that marriage; I don't care at what cost to myself. You are so damned cunning: you'll find some way out of it, and save your own skin. I'm not going back on my word; I'll do nothing myself, I leave it all in your hands; you are clever enough, you can do it—you must.

WROTH.

'Undo it! It cannot be undone. I can't do it, sir, I can't do it. If that marriage is broken, I am a broken man. The woman will fight. Lord Wroth will be a beggar; he's been spending money like water—money that would have to be refunded. There would be such a trial—such a scandal—'

Spiridion saw the moment had come for him to lay balm on the lawyer's anguish.

'Will it comfort you to know,' he insinuated, 'to know that milord has just started upon his honeymoon with his wife—and that that was my reason for suggesting he could not now be disturbed by details of business?'

Mr. Minchin's little grey eyes seemed to dart from their sockets,

then his eyelids fluttered violently. A dull flush rushed to his grey face. He caught at his neckcloth.

'*Mon Dieu*, calm yourself!' cried the Count. 'A glass of wine, sir? Nay, nay, I assure you all the information I have for you can only afford you satisfaction. This letter will help to enlighten you. Let us exchange documents.'

Mr. Minchin, still speechless, snatched the letter with an eager clutch and rose to carry it to the window-seat under the waning light. Sharp exclamations escaped him before he had read many lines. He caught his brows in his hands as if his brain were reeling; then fell fiercely on the perusal again.

'What is this? Substitution at the altar, personation of one of the contracting parties—merciful heavens, now I remember indeed, the lady under the veil, the lady I conducted home from the church—I was struck with the difference—I thought it all acting, sir, all acting! And Lord Wroth is away with his wife, you say? This person he has married then, who is she, what is she? For God's sake, answer quick, sir!'

Spiridion began with a gusto. Seldom had he tasted a moment of keener amusement and delight.

'The person, Monsieur Minchin, is a lady of highest rank, of remarkable beauty, of peerless reputation, of great fortune. She is the owner of this palace. She and Lord Wroth are this moment on their way to her castle in the mountains. She is the daughter of Sir Julian Tempest, late Ambassador in this country, and the widow of one of Florence's patricians. She was the Contessa Mordante Belgiojoso dei Vespi before she became Lady Wroth.'

Mr. Minchin let his bony frame drop into a chair, overwhelmed. As the sonorous title fell lovingly from Spiridion's lips, he glanced pathetically at him as if to make sure that he was not the victim of a cruel hoax. But the sight of the aristocratic head, of its kindliness and dignity under the white hair, seemed to reassure him. He glanced down again at the letter in his hand. Here besides was documentary evidence.

Then, back in a flash upon him, came the memory of the register. Belgiojoso, that outlandish name which he had thought emanated solely from the actress's garish imagination—Belgiojoso—Beljoy . . . Mary Campbell . . . Belgiojoso, at least was real; the register correct whatever might come of the misused licence—bah, a scintilla, in the circumstances! All was technically safe.

A weak chuckle shook him. It was the first genuine moment of satisfaction he had known these two months.

'Please excuse me,' he said faintly at last, 'the shock has been very sudden and I have been through considerable mental anxiety, not to speak of bodily fatigue lately. If I might indeed have that glass of wine you were good enough to proffer. I thank you, sir. I will not conceal from you,' said Mr. Minchin, his eyes watering after the first sip, 'that you have removed an overwhelming weight from my mind.'

'You give me pleasure,' said Spiridion. Then he fixed his eyes rather severely upon the man of law. 'For the future, sir, in your dealings with humanity, remember that money is not everything. The heart, Mr. Minchin, the soul, must be taken into consideration, or fatal indeed will be your interference.'

'The heart, sir!' said Mr. Minchin, putting down his glass, and looking across the table quite waggishly. Evidently an old sentimentalist, that foreign gentleman! But Minchin could afford to be generous: had it not been for these same material considerations of his . . . ? 'I suppose I may understand, sir, that my young client is at last satisfied in that region? What an extraordinary story! Ah, I thought there must have been some attachment! They had met before, no doubt?'

'Aye, and loved,' said Spiridion briefly.

'And the lady was bound,' suggested the lawyer with professional acumen. 'The lady, I take it, is not long a widow.'

He read his answers in the other's sudden and haughty air of reserve. Then, moved by a fresh train of thought, he turned once more to Peggy's letter. 'I will deal with this matter, if you please,' he said. 'I fear it will be wise—it is worth a sacrifice, to avoid scandal—to yield to some of this young woman's demands. My client can well afford it, besides.'

'No doubt, Lady Wroth would wish it so,' said Spiridion, rising to put an end to the interview.

'But I shall tie her up, sir,' said the lawyer, nodding. He had quite recovered his professional decisiveness of manner. 'I shall make stringent conditions. Our young couple need never fear that she shall trouble them again.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

PERHAPS the strangest experience of all these strange months for Juliana, was that drive from Florence to Montemuscoli. From first to last Wroth spoke not one single word.

Until they had reached the open country he did not turn his head, even to look at her; but as the uphill road broke at last into the fields and vineyards, he stirred from his immobility and fixed his gaze upon her. Then she saw a kind of incredulous joy drive something of the savage purpose from his eyes. After a little while he took her hand in his; but his lips were set as if they would never unlock again. His mood alarmed, puzzled, distressed her. She clasped her fingers round his still death-cold hand, longing to pour her vitality into him, and she was glad at length when she felt his palm grow warm beneath her touch. Again and again the words arose in which the truth was to be made known to him, but his unnatural air, the terror of the possible effect upon him, the very absence of all that demonstrative passion she had once dreaded, conspired to keep her dumb. Juliana, who had sinned by silence, was now by silence punished, almost beyond endurance.

They whirled along upon a cloud of dust, under a sky where the fierce radiance of the Italian day was fast giving place to the exquisite serenity of evening. Wroth, it seemed, had had his horses chosen for speed; and even up the ascending causeway they kept an extraordinary pace. The gay bells of their harness rang out a ceaseless chime to the serried rhythm of their hoofs. Now and again the fragrance of a beanfield flooded their way with an almost overpowering sweetness. Along the familiar road Juliana saw the old landmarks rise, with a mixture of yearning and apprehension. Here the wave-like slopes of vineyards; here the mystery of olive groves; here the incomparable green of the maize. She knew that cypress group on the advancing knoll, that cluster of red roofs round the quaint cupola of the church, with its frescoed front; she knew that lonely stretch of road, shadowless, broken only by the wayside shrines with the awful figure of the dead Christ—that minded her, with a sudden stab of recollection, of the Gothic crucifix in yonder room in the castle, now shut for ever from usage—and of the night that with Count Cesare's death brought her her freedom. Far otherwise had

she pictured her home-coming with the beloved. The weight upon her heart increased, as the air grew keener about them. The road took ever steeper turns; the luxuriance of the country fell away, and she recognised that she was approaching the mountain stronghold. The shadows which had been deepening in the valley gave place again to a mellow radiance on the height.

And now the last steep ascent brought even their courageous team to a foot-pace. In sudden rosy glow of dying sunset she saw the great arch of the entrance gate rise before her; and beyond, those frowning masses of masonry, jutting to the very edge of the crag that no sunshine ever seemed to illumine, so dark they stood and so wrapt, as it were, in a tragedy of old memories. None, gazing on the front that the Torre di Montemuscoli thrust upon the world, could have guessed of those gay terraces, of that irresponsible rococo wing at the rear, with its balustrades and its statues, its little fountains, formal boxwood hedges, flower-filled urns, and the riot of colour and blossom which every summer let free in the gardens.

At sight of the well-known gateway Juliana disengaged her hand quickly from the clasp that held it so fiercely. She felt Wroth's sharp glance of inquiry, as she drew the purple scarf from her shoulders and cast it over her hat and face like a great enveloping veil. Her hands were trembling in flurry. She thought of her servants' inevitable recognition, and the consequent abruptness of disclosure. It had never dawned upon her as possible that the silence between them should have lasted all the long way, to the very doors, indeed, of her home.

The children ran out at the gateway house to stare at the foreign gentleman, for whose coming the whole castle had been in preparation since the message by courier of the night before.

'*Ahi*, he's got a lady with him!' cried the black-eyed portress (for all of whose swarthy brood Juliana stood godmother). 'Run, Giuseppe, run and warn Zia Vanna.'

Zia Vanna in person stood curtsying at the great door. Juliana rather dreaded the latter's piercing gaze; but she was allowed to pass, apparently without recognition, for the curtsy was marked by reserve as to a stranger. How, indeed, could the decorous Zia Vanna permit herself to imagine that her mistress would return with a stranger, flaunting colours too, and his Excellency the noble Count not yet nine months in his vault? She showed the newcomers ceremoniously into a cool, gay, painted room,

opening wide to the terrace, full of the garden's fragrance, and then withdrew, announcing refreshments; she craved indulgence for the delay—she had not expected a lady.

The door closed. They were alone. Now they stood a moment opposite each other, she still veiled. Then she flung the scarf from her, casting her shadowing hat away with it, and turned towards him, hands outstretched. The tears that she would not shed misted her eyes; she tried to smile, but her lips quivered; his gaze was upon her, gloomy, miserable, brooding, his evil gaze—he looked so ill, her poor boy, and so wicked! There was no longer any sense of offence within her; no uprising of outraged virtue. She felt towards him as a mother may who sees her blind child struggling and wounding himself amid stones and brambles, with the fair path lying close to him if he only knew it.

Again an interminable half minute ticked itself away—it must, then, be hers to break the great silence. She sank into a chair.

‘Wroth—’ she said tenderly; her eyes dropped and a deep colour flooded her face.

At the sound of her voice the self-control which held him, and which seemed at once so rigid and so desperate, broke from him completely. He fell at her feet as if he had been struck down, and caught hold of the folds of her dress.

‘I cannot do it—no, no, I will not do it; you are the white lily, I will not break you, I will not shame you! Oh, to see you veil yourself when you approached the house! You, Juliana, to be shamed! Go,’ he cried, wildly, ‘go. Better death, better the hell of my life without you, than joy at such a price!’

And so out of the very intensity of his lawless love, and at the very moment, it seemed, of its victory, had sprung the renunciation without which she once had vowed she would not give herself. Spiridion’s words came back to her: ‘Where it is right, never fear love, never fear to love. By love alone is love sanctified.’

Juliana flung her arms about her lover as he knelt; the tears streamed down her cheek.

‘Beloved! I shall never leave you. It is my right to stay with you. . . . O my dear one, I am your wife! It was I who stood beside you at the altar, it was on my finger you placed your ring. See, love, your ring that I have worn over my heart, in secret, ever since. Beloved, look at the ring and believe—I am your wife!’

As he lifted his head, still with the look of agony upon it, she cried again: 'I am your wife!' It was no moment for her long story, maze of deception and mystification; no moment to plead her guilt or her excuses. She could not even stop to think of any way to prepare him, to soften the shock to his enfeebled frame. She must ease that pain, that torture of his soul, at any risk.

And for a moment, indeed, she thought she had killed him. His head fell back on her knee, his lips grew livid. She laid her own upon them, pressing kiss upon kiss, until the warmth of life came back to them, until his arms caught her close, and she felt as if she were swooning away in her turn upon the tide of his passion.

Below, in the garden, the serried lilies flung evening incense to the paling sky. The cypress trees were growing black against the horizon, one single faint yellow star trembled low between them—the garden of Juliana's dream!

EPILOGUE.

It was September once again over the Kentish wolds, and much such a night as that which had brought Juliana Mordante out of the well-ordered road of her life up the wild avenue of Hurley.

Across the wrack-strewn sky the autumn moon rode high, and cast swift cloud-images like flying scud over the wide stretches of the Abbey park. Bare still of its pride lay the land, but waste and empty no longer: for where every giant had been felled stood now a sapling that flung a lengthened quivering shadow on the moon-white grass. The great-grandchildren of the house of Wroth would play in their day under leafy shelter, and hear the singing of birds amid mighty branches.

Majestic, even in decay, the Abbey had ever stood. To-night the fantastic rays hid rather than displayed the recent work of restoration; the cloisters cast shadows, not as heretofore upon rank grass and broken stony patches, but on velvet sward; a shaft of fountain spray from the depth of a shrubbery now and again caught the gleam, like a stave of song leaping into the light. There was a fragrance of autumn flowers on the wide wind from sheltered gardens. As in the end of a fairy tale, the spell it seemed had been broken, the curse allayed; the Abbey was Hurley-burly no more, but fitly Lady's Grace.

Within its walls where, behind close-shuttered windows, a large and decorous household slept the sleep of the self-righteous, one unquiet spirit yet watched the night. Bertram, a shaded candle in his hand, wandered from place to place, up stairs and down, through echoing corridors and shrouded rooms, inspecting, pondering, touching here a fold of curtain, replacing there a chair with trembling hand; and ever at his heels, Brutus the hound, with drooped head and tail, sedately picking his way. Now and then the old man would pause, muttering to himself, and the hound would raise his great head, wise eyes gleaming out of the dark, tail faintly wagging.

Once Bertram drew a letter from his breast and, holding it to the light of his candle, began to con it over, as if for the first time. Yet well did he know it—by heart. How many times, since that happy June hour when it had come to him, had he not read it and rejoiced afresh? ‘Dear old Bertram,’ ran the familiar lines, ‘you remember the lady who was blown in upon us like a bird by the wind, that night of our last revelry at Hurley? You remember how you said to me, that night—“A true lady, my lord!” Oh, Bertram, you remember how lovely she is and how good! She is my wife now and I am happy. We shall soon come home. Dear old Bertram, I know you will be glad!’ Aye, Bertram remembered and was glad. His boy had found one worthy of him. The old, wicked, sorrowful days were over, and the master would soon be home! And now the moment was actually at hand, the morrow was to see it, see the home-coming of Wroth and his bride.

Bertram, folding the precious sheet and replacing it over his heart, looked round the hall and began to picture to himself the scene of arrival—till the fear seized him lest he scarce be spared life for such joy. A wild cry, piercing the outer wind-swept stillness with its lament, startled him out of his rapt musings; the hound at his side growled deeply. But Bertram smiled and fell to muttered speech again, half to his dumb companion, half to himself. That was old Lupus, baying at the moon from his pen in the kennels . . . and no doubt Professor Brown was grunting in his pit, and padding it up and down, for such wild moonlit nights made the wild things restless . . . Aye, aye, the wolf and the bear—a mad lad to have such favourites! My lord would be content to find them in good case. . . . ‘But you and I, Brutus, are growing old. Eh, your muzzle there is well nigh as white as my head! We were none too young when he left us . . . and six

months makes a deal of difference at our age. Eh, Brutus, we've missed the master sore !'

All was in order against the morrow, from my lady's boudoir overlooking the walled garden to the suite of rooms for the honoured guest my lord was bringing with him, anent the preparation of which he had sent such minute instructions, and for whose use (an important personage evidently and a musician) the grand new pianoforte had arrived but yesterday from London town.

'All's ready,' said Bertram to the hound, 'and now one last look at the church—eh, Brutus ?'

The wind was singing among the pinnacles as, followed by his grave-eyed companion, he crept through the holy-haunted spaces, moving in his own faint radius of light like some little spectral sacristan called back to old duties with the midnight disquietude of ghosts. Now the altar-table of the sanctuary shone out in the glimmer—restored to its high place ; never again should any but sacramental cup be raised above it—now the faint flame flitted from pillar to pillar, arrested here and there to illumine some recovered statue, majestic in its niche.

On a corner of the Abbot's monument Bertram set his lantern down and paused to rest, while Brutus subsided at his feet, and stretched his head between his paws with a great sigh of comfort. The old man's mind was busy painting the dim spaces with tender-coloured visions of his own : 'They'll be christening the heir in here, one day,' he was thinking. 'If the Lord would but let me live to see that !'. . . .

A small secret air, sweeping vaguely through the church, set the flame a-dancing : it played on the wrinkled face that trembled between smiles and tears ; on the marble countenance beneath it, on its upward gaze, its strong serenity seeking ineffable distances. Abbot Ambrose lay as he had lain through all the years of desecration and revelry, as he would lie in these returning times of order and dignity : indifferent with the high indifference of eternity to the changes of this world's fleeting show.

A JACOBITE GENERAL.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

MANY an old Scottish family seems to carry in its chronicles refutation of the Scripture—'a house divided against itself cannot stand,' forasmuch as in every crisis of Scottish history (and in no national history have crises been more frequent) members of the same house were almost invariably ranged against each other; yet most of these houses flourish at this day. Little need to pry too closely into motives, or to inquire how far principle affected a practice which ensured in any issue a representative on the winning side, ready to put in a claim for such honours and possessions as might be forfeited by the losers. Such claims were nearly always successful, by reason that, under the old system of hereditary jurisdiction and military service, the authority and stability of the Crown rested mainly upon the good will of territorial chiefs, whose power, in turn, was derived from habit and tradition far more than from parchment and wax. The era of the *nouveau riche* had not yet dawned.

Of a house divided in the old manner, there is no later or more conspicuous example than that of the Murrays of Atholl, wherein father and son, brother and brother, uncle and nephew, espoused opposite sides in the last civil war that rent Great Britain. That brief warfare—with its mirage of vapoury hope, its miasma of suspicion and unfaith, its chivalrous enterprise and hare-brained blunders, whole-hearted devotion and poisonous jealousy—has been vividly recalled by the Hon. Evan Charteris in his skilful and frank editing of his great-great-great-grand-uncle's memoir of the Jacobite rising in 1745.¹ Herein David, Lord Elcho, depicts himself as the very incarnation of those qualities, good and not good, which made the rising possible and ensured its collapse. The narrative has all the glamour reflected from a cause, lost indeed, but carried so near success as to quicken the pulses of

¹ *A Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland in the Years 1744, 1745, 1746*, by David Lord Elcho, edited from the original MS. at Gosford, with a memoir and annotations by the Hon. Evan Charteris. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1907.

one reading the story of the losing. Who can declare what might have been the upshot had the Jacobite leaders, with Prestonpans and Falkirk to their credit, adopted the precepts of Robert Bruce, avoided a general engagement at Culloden, and marched to their right across the Nairn into the fastnesses of the Monadh-lia? The French treasure-ships were already off the west coast; those thirty thousand golden Louis were but the first-fruits of hope long deferred; had the Cause not been driven hopelessly upon the rocks on that wet and windy April morn, history might have repeated itself, and the struggle been prolonged, as in the war of independence, by the presence of hostile France upon the English rear.

Howbeit, it was not to peer into the might-have-been that I pounced upon Elcho's narrative, nor, indeed, was it in expectation of finding such matter as would magnify into a hero one who was in fact a very gallant, if not always a very dignified or scrupulous, cavalier. My quest was for fresh light upon one of whom the Chevalier Johnstone wrote, 'Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition, and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke.' Elcho, of course, frequently mentions Lord George, and never unkindly, but there is not much in his narrative to clear up what is obscure, though his editor has brought together passages from Charles's correspondence, showing how grievously the Prince's mind was poisoned against the ablest of his adherents—a high-souled gentleman who deliberately sacrificed his future in a cause which he deemed hopeless from the first.

Lord George Murray's early record is far from blameless. Fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl, in 1715 he held a commission in Orkney's regiment (the Royal Scots), and had therefore taken the oath of allegiance to King George. So had his elder brothers—Lord Tullibardine in the Royal Navy, and Lord Charles a cornet in the 5th Dragoons; yet all three deserted their colours and joined the Earl of Mar—official perjury having ever been lightly reckoned by the Scottish nobility. It was an awkward position for their father, the Duke, who was Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire, when, on September 26, Tullibardine proclaimed James VIII. and III. at Dunkeld, called out the Atholl levies, formed them into four battalions, took command of one himself, and appointed his brothers and his uncle, Lord Nairne, to command the other three.

The Duke remained staunch; so did his son Lord James, an

officer of the 1st or Grenadier Guards and M.P. for Perthshire; but their united influence failed to obtain pardon for their kinsmen when the rising collapsed after Sheriffmuir. Lord Charles, indeed, was taken prisoner at Preston, tried by court-martial as a deserter, and condemned to death; and it required the utmost exertion on the part of his father and powerful friends to obtain a reprieve.

Tullibardine and George escaped to France, to return in 1719 with the abortive expedition of that year. Lord George was wounded in the affair of Glenshiel, remained in hiding in the Black Mount for ten months, finally making good his escape to Holland, after which he served with some distinction in the King of Sardinia's army. Not until 1723 could he bring himself to acknowledge to his father 'his error and undutifulness,' as the Duke insisted he should before raising a finger to obtain his remission. Having obtained it, he succeeded in getting the promise of a free pardon for his younger son; but before that was made out under the Great Seal, the Duke died, and, Tullibardine being still under attainder, the title and estates passed to Lord James, who was at that time lieutenant-colonel of the Royal Scots regiment.

Now, the grace thus extended to Lord George was without question exceedingly generous. He had not only committed rebellion, but he had taken up arms against the sovereign whose uniform he wore, without previously resigning his commission, thereby incurring the penalty of death. It would be vain to deny that, in accepting a free pardon, he incurred an obligation of duty and honour binding him to act thenceforward as a loyal subject of King George. And such no doubt was his firm intention. Three years after his return from exile, he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. James Murray of Glencarse and Strowan, and settled down at Tullibardine to follow the life of a quiet country gentleman. How placid and devoid of ambition was that life may be read in Lord George's letters to his wife and kinsfolk. A keen sportsman, he found full measure of pastime in Strathtay, and the Duke gave him special charge over the game in Glenalmond. Modern sportsmen may be scandalised by the shooting of red deer and netting of grouse and ptarmigan at midsummer; but in the eighteenth century animals of the chase were taken when they were fit for the table, and there is no doubt that a stag in July makes far better venison than one in late September. Here are a few extracts from letters to his wife, written from a lodge in Glentatnich :

June 23, 1732.—I am now to begin to divide the six days of the week for my different Pastems—viz. : Monday & Thursday, Fooling [fowling]. Tewsday & Friday, Hunting the dear. Wedensday & Saturday Fishing . . . plenty of fine trouts, & they are easely catcht with the road . . . I really belive there is no day but there are 500 Dear within five miles of me . . . I shall send you by my nixt some of the folls of my Idle houres, but indeed I find I was not born for Poetrie.

July 5.— . . I have delightfull Diversion in Hunting, &c. . . yesterday I had ten Grehounds, but they were nothing worth, only we gott good diversion, having severall fair hundings. As I sat down at a burn's side in the Forest about one a klok to take a chak, we were disturbed by a dog runing a Fan [fawn] & the Hind not only defending her Fan, but with great fury ataked the dog, & made him not only Quitt his grips of the Fan, but if we had not interposed & hunted the rest of our dogs at the Hind, I really belive she had demolished the gray hound. However, the Hind escaped, which I was very glad off, seeing she had behaved so valiently for her young. We shott a Hind about nine in the morning . . . which I send, tho' it be not fatt, will make very good broth & colops. I hope the next will be better. Please also receive a leg of the Fan, which I belive will be very good meat, also a blew hair, which I send only for the rerity of the couller, & in winter they are milk white. There is also six Mourfooll & eight poots.

July 19.— . . Please receive two & twenty old moorfooll, seven & twenty pouts & on Tarmagen . . . I helped to draw the nett over fourty of them.

The tranquil life of the Murrays was seldom overcast by any cloud. One sad little episode is the occasion of a touching letter from Lord George to the Duke. His third son William having died in childhood of smallpox, Lord George wrote requesting

the favoure of you that you will allow this Chaple to be the place of our Interment. We are both sensible that it is a matter of great indifference where the body lys after Death, but it pleases whilst in Life to think of being laid near to those we loved.

In 1744 matters were drawing towards another Jacobite crisis ; rumours flew about that the French had planned, had even effected, a landing on the Scottish coast. Nobody wished for their presence less than Lord George, who on March 6 wrote from Edinburgh to the Duke promising to keep him well informed. On the 23rd he made acquaintance at the Dowager Duchess of Gordon's with 'Sir John Copp,' commander-in-chief of the forces in North Britain. Cope invited him to dinner, little as either of these gentlemen foresaw a future meeting—at Prestonpans ! Eighteen months later, when

Tullibardine raised the standard at Glenshiel on August 19, 1745, Lord George had not the slightest intention of going 'out' again, being diligent, indeed, at that very time in supplying the Lord Advocate with all the information he could collect which might be useful in nipping the conspiracy in the bud. On August 20 he told the Lord Advocate that he was going to Crieff to meet General Cope, who was marching north to suppress the rising. Meet him he did, a fact in which, coupled with his having received pardon for the '15, which Tullibardine never did, we may discern the root of that distrust and ultimate hatred with which Prince Charlie rewarded his lieutenant-general.

Not a word or a sign remains to explain the influence which wrought upon Lord George during the next ten days; nothing to account for the amazing suddenness of a resolve from which, it must be confessed, every sentiment of honour should have restrained him. It is announced in the following letter to his brother the Duke, which must be given at length if any understanding is to be had of an interesting and commanding character :

Tullibardine, 3rd Sept. 1745, six at night.

Dear Brother . . . I was not a little deficulted when you left this place, & gave me charge of your Daughters to bring them in to Edinburgh, for, to spake the truth, I was at that time resolv'd to take a step which I was certain you would disprove off as much when you knew it, as it would surprise you to hear it.

I never did say to any person in my life that I would not ingage in the cause I always in my heart thought just and right, as well for the Interest, good & Liberty of my country.

But this letter is not wrote with a view to argue or reason with you upon the subject. I own frantly, that now that I am to ingage, that what I do may & will be recon'd desperat, & tho' all appearances seem to be against me, Interest, prudence, & the obligations to you which I ly under, would prevent most people in my situation from taking a resolution that may very probably end in my utter ruen.

My Life, my Fortune, my expectations, the Happyness of my wife & children, are all at stake (& the chances are against me), & yet a principle of (what seems to me) Honour, & my Duty to King & Country, outweighs evrything.

If I er, it is only with respect to you. I ow obligations to nobody else (I mean the Court of London), & if you find you cannot forgive me, yet sure you will pity me.

Think what a weght there is upon my spirets, my wife really in a dangerous state of health (for it is no feign'd illness), she has been

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bled since I began this letter, & God knows how she will be able to suporte herself in her present state of health, & the load that is on her spirets by my being determin'd to venture our all at this juncture. But I must do her the justice to say that tho' she is much against my rashness (as she calls it), yet when she found me determin'd, she did not dispute with me upon it. For now that we have been together above seventeen years, I can say, tho' sometimes she might differ in oppinion with me, she has ever yielded to my resolutions. And the present prooff she has given me of her acquiescing to my will, makes so deep an impression upon me, that nothing but so strong an atachment as I have to the cause I am to imbarck in could make me do what in all appearance must disturb her future quiet and Happyness. I laid my posetive commands upon her at parting yesterday to send to Stirling for me this morning, &, as she realy was exceedingly distress'd both in body & mind, she wrote me the truth, tho' she knew my purpose.

I will not venture to recommend her and my children to your protection. All I shall say on that head is, that a man of worth never repented of doing good natur'd offices. After what I have said, you may believe that I have weightd what I am going about with all the deliberation I am capable off, & suppose I were sure of dieing in the attempt, it would neither deter nor prevent me. . . .

Yr. most affect Brother & Faithful humble Servant

GEORGE MURRAY.

I forgot to tell you that I never spoke or interfered with any of the Atholl Men, but now they are up (as I hear) you will excuse my doing my best, both with them & others.¹

It is clear from this letter, and many others in the correspondence, that the writer had but faint hope of success for the cause into which he felt himself irresistibly drawn. He must be acquitted of all self-seeking in the course he took—a course which his brother, his wife, and even his son viewed with boding and dismay. 'The step,' wrote his wife to the Duke, on September 5, 'which Ld. George has taken yr. Gr. may be perswaded most deeply concerns [distresses] me, but as it comes ill from a wife to blame her Husband, I must endeavour patiently to suffer what I cannot help.'

Lord George's son, an Eton boy, was more outspoken, and wrote at length to his uncle, the Duke :

Eton, Sept. 1745.

A late piece of news has quite shook me, and I am no longer able to bear up against it, which is that my Father has declared

¹ This letter, and others quoted here, are given in the *Atholl Chronicles*, vol. iii., privately printed.

for the prætender, which of all things I was most afraid of, but as your Gr., who has so long been at the charge of my education, is for King George, and as his Ma^{ty} has given me such an early mark of his favours as to make me a captain, I shall lay down my Life and shall spend the last drop of my Blood in his service. For althow my Father be not so much in the wrong for taking the Præ-tender's part, as he has been for that party always, and has held offices under him, yet it would be the greatest baseness in me not to assist and be for his Majesty King George, as I have a comition from him and have always been educated as his subject. Not that I pretend wholly to excuse my father in declaring for the Prætender because that he has had offices under him, yet he has likewise had a great favour from King George, namely, his life, which was forfeited in the year '15, and I think the best way he could have acted, if he did not assist the King, was to have stood newter, as I don't doubt but a great number in the same situation do; but to be shure he knows his own reasons for it much better than I do. I should be very much obliged to you If you would let me leave school and come down to Scotland, for I don't dout but that I could handle a broadsword or a musket well enough, for there are a gret many younger than I am who are both fighting in Flanders & else whare, and what I want in strenth I shall make up in willingness; for though I love my father as well as it is possible for any one to love his parent, yet it is impossible for me to think that he has acted Right in this particular.

The hand and spelling are those of the sage of sixteen, who was to succeed in 1764 as third Duke of Atholl, through the attainder of his father and his uncle Tullibardine, the death of his uncle James, second Duke, and the death of James's two sons in infancy; but the discerning critic may detect in the sentiments the guidance of an Eton master, trusting more to English bayonets than Highland broadswords.

Murray of Broughton, Prince Charlie's secretary and constant confidant, warned his master against trusting Lord George, whose conversion had been so suspiciously sudden. Broughton, despite his treachery later, was heart and soul loyal to the cause throughout the campaign. His distrust of Lord George, although absolutely groundless, was not altogether unreasonable, and he succeeded only too well in convincing the Prince that he was betraying, or about to betray, *somebody*. Yet in the dire dearth of military ability in the Jacobite army, Lord George's talents could not be dispensed with; or, if they could, the Atholl Highlanders could *not*, and they would only march under 'Geordie,' so Prince Charles had no choice but to appoint him lieutenant-general.

Wha will ride wi' gallant Murray ?
 Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel' ?
 He's the flower of a' Glenisla
 And the darling o' Dunkell.

But neither the Prince nor his secretary Broughton ever laid aside their suspicion of him.

There were now two Dukes of Atholl—James, the legitimate chief, about whose loyalty to King George there never was any question, and his elder brother William, Marquess of Tullibardine, disinherited by attainder, whom Prince Charles had created Duke of Atholl also. Duke James fled from Blair on the approach of Duke William, who issued the following manifesto to the distracted tenantry :

Dunkeld, 4th Sept. 1745.

Gentlemen,—As I understand that you and the rest of my Vassalls and tenants do not bestirr y'selves with that activity that becomes Loyal Subjects for the King's Service, and that, according to my Circular Letters directed to you from Blair, I warned you of the dangerous consequences of disobeying my Commands as yr Superior, but rather then you should pretend ignorance by any excuse whatsoever, I once more desire and require you peremptorely on sight hereof to raise in arms all the men you can, and meet at Pitlochrie against the time formerly conserted, & joine the King's standard with all speed.

Your disobeying of this will oblige me immediatly to call for a strong detachment from his Royall Highness to use you with that hostile rigour that all Rebels & disafected people to their King & country deserve.

ATHOLL.

Alas ! for the romantic illusion that Prince Charlie came as 'King o' the Hieland hearts,' and that the clansmen flocked enthusiastically to his standard. The poor fellows were concerned mainly about their precarious harvest, wishing nothing so much as to be left alone, and abhorring all cockades, whether black or white, with equal intensity. Five years later Ensign Small, whose reports on secret service in the Highlands are preserved among the Cumberland MSS., put the whole state of the case in a single sentence: 'The gentry are fond of a rising; the commoners hate it.' The Atholl men were not brought out till extreme measures were taken against them. As late as September 26, five days after his victory at Prestonpans, Lord George wrote to Tullibardine: 'For God's sake let some effectual method be taken about the deserters. I would have their houses

and crops destroyed for an example and themselves punished in the most rigorous manner.' *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Yet Lord George was not without sympathy for poor farmers, writing thus to his wife on his march to Edinburgh :

Thursday, September 12, 10 at night (much fatigued).— . . I'm sorry I have taken off all your horse, but I do not like to oppress the poor people by taking theirs ; for whatever excuse we may have for our baggage, we have none for taking them to Ride.

He was humane to his prisoners also, writing again to Lady George on September 29 about sixty officers, prisoners on parole, who were being marched under escort to Perth :

. . . If you can make ready Beeff and Mutton, coald and hot, both made ready at home & with your neighbours, it will be an obliging thing and what they will be sensible off. . . . You need not dine with them in the big room, but send for Field Officers (particularly Coll. Haket) & tell them that both you and I are most desirous to show them all the Friendship in our power.

'My Lord Tulliebardine,' wrote Commissary Bisset to Duke James on October 15, 'hath not yet left Atholl. The men are turn'd intirely obstreperous, and very Fue will rise for him.' In spite of these difficulties, the Atholl brigade at Prestonpans was reckoned at 2700 strong ; but there was a constant leakage by desertion, especially after every battle. It was this that inspired Prince Charles with his distrust of Highlanders, which remained inveterate, till he learnt their true character during his months of hiding after Culloden. Throughout the campaign he relied constantly and exclusively on the Lowlander Murray of Broughton and the Irishmen Sir Thomas Sheridan and O'Sullivan, his quartermaster-general, all of whom disliked Lord George.

However, in the march to Derby, Lord George commanded the advanced guard, and, in the retreat, the rearguard. Passing over incidents of the advance into England, with which all readers of history are familiar, including the scene between the Prince and Lord George at Carlisle, when the latter resigned his command, and subsequently resumed it through the friendly intervention of the Duke of Perth, we need only note that even Tullibardine, who remained in the North, had become prejudiced against his abler brother. On November 15 Lord George wrote to him from Carlisle, reproaching him for 'hearkening to designing people and being

ready to blame me before I am heard. It is some time past,' he adds, 'since I observed things must go into utter confusion.'

It was during the retreat from Derby that Lord George's qualities as a commander were put to the severest test. Murray of Broughton assumed, and was permitted by the Prince, to interfere in all matters military as well as civil, to the great embarrassment of the lieutenant-general. Commanding the rearguard, his duty was to protect the main column, but there was thrown upon him also the task of collecting and bringing on ammunition from broken-down tumbrils. Confusion reached its height on passing over the dreary upland of Shap:

16th *December*.—... I got two messages from his Royal Highness that morning, who, it seems, had heard of the ammunition being left behind. I was ordered not to leave, upon any account, the least thing, not so much as a cannon ball; for he would rather return himself than that there should be anything left. I desired these gentlemen to see for themselves what care and trouble I had been at, & that they might assure his Royal Highness that I should do all that man could do; but I told them, when I undertook the retreat, it had been promised we should have no trouble with these things, which had proceeded entirely from the neglect of those who had the charge of ordering them.

He made the Highlanders carry the cannon balls in their plaids, 'the Glengarry men, not reckoned the most patient, but I never was better pleased with men in my life; they did all that was possible.'

The Prince was persuaded by Broughton that he ought to keep a town in England; to the strong remonstrance of Lord George and other officers he paid no heed; but in quitting Carlisle on December 20 left a garrison there. The place was quite untenable and surrendered on the 30th. Out of the forty-three officers of the garrison three died in prison and eleven were executed.

The Atholl men and other Highlanders behaved in the most exemplary way during this expedition, but no sooner did the army approach the Highland border than Lord George beheld his ranks dwindling daily and felt helpless to stop desertion. Lord Strathallan and Lord George Drummond, however, had four thousand fresh levies assembled at Perth, swelling the total with the Prince's standard to six thousand or seven thousand broadswords. But it was felt to be madness to enter upon another season's campaign under existing arrangements. The Prince, as commander-

in-chief, was in the habit of ignoring the authority of his generals, acting on the advice of 'little people'—Broughton and the Irish officers. Accordingly, on January 6, 1746, Lord George presented a memorial to Prince Charles, setting forth the evils of such a course and requesting that he would appoint a council of five or seven principal officers, presided over by the Prince himself, to determine upon all operations.

Had not a Council, ran the memorial, determined upon a retreat from Derby, what a catastrophe must have followed in two or three days. Had a Council of War been consulted as to leaving a garrison at Carlisle, it would never have been agreed to, the place not being tenable, and so many brave men would not have been sacrificed, besides the reputation of His Royal Highness's arms.

Charles was furious. 'When I came into Scotland,' began his written reply, 'I knew well enough what I was to expect from my Enemies, but I little foresaw what I meet with from my Friends,' and ended, 'my authority may be taken from me by violence, but I shall never resign it like an Idiot.'

Lord George made the best of a hopeless position. On the eve of the battle of Falkirk, where he routed General Hawley, he found time to write a long and affectionate letter to his wife, then expecting her confinement. 'By all our tender Friendship, & the Love we mutually bear to one another & to our children, I conjure you to Arm yourself with fortitude and strength of mind. . . . If a Girl—Kathrine; if a Boy, what you please.'¹

Then came the beginning of disaster. After Falkirk, Lord George had made all arrangements for an orderly march into the Highlands. He was dismayed to find battalions moving off and melting as they moved. It turned out that Prince Charles, without saying a word to his lieutenant-general, had sanctioned a go-as-you-please retreat, which most of the Highlanders interpreted as license to disperse. On January 31 a council of war was held at Crieff, when Lord George implored the Prince to name the man who had advised the retreat, 'for it was worth the Government at London's while to have given 100,000*l.* to any one who would have given such advice and got it followed.' The Prince declined to name anybody, 'and took it upon himself, so there was no more to be said.'

Lord George now made no secret to his wife of the despair with which Prince Charles's wilfulness filled him.

¹ It was a girl, named Katherine, and died in infancy.

I have all along had but faint hopes of our success, as we have the very worst regulations in all partes of our conduct. You know in parte, but not wholly, what a Burden I have had upon my hands, & often was resolved to demit & retyre into some corner of the earth, if I could not find a fitt occasion of falling in the field, which was what I most wanted, as I imagined to myself by that means to save my Familie from forfeetry.

The little army went forward to its doom. The events of the following two months, culminating in the fatal mistake of offering battle at Culloden, are matters of common history. The miserable dissensions between the Scottish and Irish officers broke out into open wrangling on the stricken field. Elcho, according to a story noted by Sir Walter Scott in his Journal, when he saw the left wing of the Highlanders routed, rode up to Prince Charles and called upon him to charge at the head of two thousand men who were still unbroken. The Prince made some hesitating reply, turned his horse's head, and rode off the field. Elcho called after him 'There you go for a damned, cowardly Italian!' and never would see him again.

In Elcho's own Journal, a somewhat different account is given of this painful incident. 'He [Prince Charles] told me I might go anywhere I liked; as for himself, he was about to leave for France . . . whereupon I left him, thoroughly resolved never to have any more to do with him.'

Exit Bonnie Prince Charlie, leaving his Highlanders to butchery and banishment, and heaping execration on Lord George Murray as the cause of his overthrow. Writing to his father, the Old Chevalier, in 1747, he spoke thus of the man who had lost everything in his cause, urging that Lord George should be hunted down even in his lifelong exile. 'It wou'd be of ye most Dangerous Consequences iff such a Divill was not secured immediately in sum Castle where he might be at his ease, but without being able to escape or have ye Liberty of Pen or papers.'

In vain did the mild-spirited James remonstrate with the Prince and implore him to remember Lord George's great services; Charles refused to see Lord George when he waited upon him in Paris, tried every device to get the Government to imprison him, and, so late as 1759, wrote to James declaring that Lord George deserved to be put to death, for his 'vilany is proved out of all dispute.'

One thing only now remains due to Lord George Murray's memory, whereon a dastardly slander, deliberately forged by a

vindictive foe, has been suffered to rest for a century and a half. On the day after the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland issued the following order :

Inverness, April 17th.

A Capt & 50 men to march imediatly to the feild of Battle & search all cottages in the neighbourhood for Rebels. The officer & men will take notice that the publick orders of the Rebels yesterday were to give no quarter.

All men know how faithfully this sanguinary suggestion was interpreted, and how, for many days after April 17, the search was continued and the clansmen were dragged from their hiding and butchered in cold blood. But all men do not know—no man knew until the Windsor archives yielded up the ugly truth—that the Duke had published a garbled version of Lord George's general orders.

The true version has been discovered among the Cumberland MSS. endorsed 'General Orders under Lord George Murray's own hand, from April 14 to 15, 1746.'

TRUE VERSION

It is His Royall Highness positive Orders that evry person atatch themselves to some Corps of the Armie and to remain with that Corps night and day till the Batle persute be finally over. . . . No body on Pain of Death to Strip the Slain or Plunder till the Battle be over.

CUMBERLAND'S VERSION

It is his Royal Higheness' positive orders, that every person attach himself to some corps of the army, and remain with that corps night and day, until the battle and pursuit be finally over : *and to give no quarter to the Elector's troops on any account whatsoever.*

The falsehood wrought the purpose of its author. It lulled such qualms as English and Scottish officers might be expected to feel in inflicting justice (according to German notions) upon the broken clansmen.

For George Murray, the very flower of a Lost Cause, no more fitting epitaph could be devised than that pronounced by another Jacobite, the Earl Marischal, upon his brother, Marshal Keith :

Probus vixit, fortis obiit.

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AN ETON PORTRAIT GALLERY.

AMONG the many changing scenes of life, during the strenuous labour of successful ambition, amid the pomp and circumstance of a triumphant career, it may have still occurred to the minds of many who see the end approaching, however well-spent and honourable their life may have been, that no eminence attained, no supremacy is quite like that pinnacle of fame which is the goal of an Eton boy's ambition. Never was a high position less willingly abdicated, and surely at the many turnings of the ways in life, the many partings and farewells, no lump in the throat has ever been so difficult to stifle as that which rose at the moment when one clasped the hand of the Headmaster and felt for the first time no longer an Eton boy. Truly also there is another aspect for affectionate regret, as with grey hair and spectacles one reads back into the book of one's own life, that book which must so soon be closed and put on the shelf with other musty and disused volumes, if not cast into the waste-paper basket of the future, and, as one reads, calls up the fair vision of one's last days at Eton when, as Charles Kingsley wrote :

All the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen.

How bright the faces seem, even at this long distance of years, how the memories come back and weave themselves into mysterious glowing figures of the past silhouetted against the sunset in a western sky. As the hand perchance turns over the pages of an Eton list, the history of one's own time seems to unwind itself through the imagination. Is it possible that the portly judge, whom we last met at some public function, beaming through his spectacles and regaling his friends with stories of his early career, can be the same as that stalwart youth with the strong hips and thighs and the splendid chest, whom we cheered as he drove his outrigger under the Windsor bridge, and won the School sculling by a bare length ? Is it possible that yonder pale emaciated but saintly form, bent with the sorrows of others, can be that long lithe

merry lad who, with head and elbows well back, staggered triumphantly into the arms of his friends, the winner of the mile race by goodness knows how much? Was not that magnate of diplomacy, whom we last saw glistening with stars and crosses, honoured with the confidence of sovereigns and prime ministers—was not he the boy who so often ‘muffed’ trials, because he could not, or would not, learn how to do simple arithmetic? As one sits and thinks and fingers the Eton lists the figures of one’s contemporaries dissolve again, like the slides of a magic lantern, into the figures of the boys we knew, the boys we revered, the boys we loved, the swans who turned out to be geese, and the geese who were really swans, the stones which the builder refused but which have become the head corners of the temple.

It may be that, while calling up the visions of the past, memory is assisted by some old photograph album, in which we see our friends as they were. To us perhaps photographs mean a great deal, but they are, alas! as perishable as the memories which enshrine them as with garlands. What a picture we think would that boy have made with his glinting, clustered hair, his clear blue eyes, and delicate features. How little does the next photograph record of the almost kingly majesty with which that boyish figure was invested when Captain of the Boats by the admiring eyes of his humbler satellites. It is just such regrets as these which lend such a peculiar interest and value to a precious but little known collection of portraits of bygone Eton boys which is preserved in the Provost’s Lodge and adjoining apartments in Eton College. Few Etonians possibly are aware of the beauty and artistic value possessed by many portraits in this unique series.

In the days when Edward Barnard was Headmaster (from 1754 to 1793) it seems to have occurred to that genial and popular pedagogue that he would like to possess as a recollection of some among his best-loved pupils a portrait of the boy in question, a wish carried out by some of the parents to whom it was confided.

There remains some doubt as to whether the presentation of such a portrait was at first intended to be a substitute for the ‘leaving money’ paid to the Headmaster at the time of leaving Eton, or was an addition to the gift made by the parents of the more aristocratic or the wealthier class. This ‘leaving money’ was a tax paid by the boys at their last interview with the Headmaster, and was the source of some discomfort to both donor and recipient. The sum paid was usually 10*l.*, though there appears to

have been no limit to the actual amount, which seems in later days to have averaged about 20*l*. The money was paid in notes and the transaction must have at all times been embarrassing. The custom for the Headmaster to present a leaving-book seems to have been in the way of compensation for this payment, for as far back as the end of the seventeenth century it is recorded that Dr. Newborough, the then Headmaster, used to give books 'to all young gentlemen who took their leave of him handsomely.' The custom lasted until 1868, when it was replaced by a fixed capitation fee. There are many Etonians still living who can recollect the embarrassing difficulties which waylaid the transmission of the cheque. The Headmaster at a certain stage in the conversation would turn and poke the fire, or find some other self-inflicted occupation, during which moments the cheque had to be deposited not too obviously within reach of the recipient, who at the same time had to become aware that the operation had been performed. Dr. Keate, as may be imagined, kept his weather-eye open for the occasion, and history relates that on one occasion when a boy's fumbling fingers had dropped the banknote on the floor, the Headmaster's foot had been skilfully advanced to cover it before the boy could stoop to pick it up. Dr. Hawtrey, like others, was extremely sensitive about this payment, and it is recorded that when his library was sold several ten-pound notes were found between the pages of various books into which they had been thrust by the Headmaster at the moment and subsequently forgotten.

The custom of presenting portraits to the Headmaster, whether as a substitute for leaving money or not, was at any rate at first voluntary on both sides, although the practice somewhat fortunately gave rise at the outset to some fashionable emulation. In later days it was adopted by tutors, thus in some cases producing a double tax. When the tutors, as in the cases of Keate, Hawtrey, Goodford, and Balston, became Headmasters in their turn, their collections of portraits remained at Eton, and became eventually the property of the College. In some cases the tutor on leaving Eton took, as might be expected, his collection with him, and one, that of the Rev. Harry Dupuis, was broken up and dispersed not very many years ago.

It is not likely that Dr. Barnard would have been instigated to this action by any love of art, but it was a most curious and felicitous piece of good fortune that the suggestion was first made at a time when the art of portrait-painting in England was just

reaching its zenith, and when the best of portrait-painters were willing to give their services for a very moderate payment. Moreover the noble and aristocratic parents who were willing and able to reward the Headmaster with such a present were persons who would not be likely to deign to employ in their services any but the best possible painters. It is to this happy combination of circumstances that the College owes this wonderful series of portraits of boys, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, Thomas Gainsborough, Benjamin West, John Hoppner, and other great painters of the English school. At this date Reynolds was only charging from twenty to thirty guineas for a head (or three-quarters, as he would have called it), and Romney was charging about the same price or even less.

The earliest portrait in date, which seems to have been presented to Dr. Barnard, was that of the Hon. Henry Howard, who was to succeed his grandfather at an early age as twelfth Earl of Suffolk and third Earl of Berkshire. This portrait was painted by Allan Ramsay, the Scottish painter, who was then most highly esteemed by Court and fashion. Then comes a series of portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Charles, Lord Ossulston, afterwards fourth Earl of Tankerville; Robert Darcy Hildyard, afterwards fourth baronet of Portington, Yorkshire; Alexander George, Duke of Gordon, who had succeeded to the dukedom at nine years of age, and enjoyed at Eton the society of his two younger brothers, Lord William Gordon, who was to achieve some gallant notoriety in connexion with the famous Lady Sarah Bunbury, and Lord George Gordon, who has acquired a curious immortality through the historical 'Gordon' riots; the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Lord Milton and the husband of Anne Seymour-Conway, the sculptress, who took himself out of the world at an early age after a wretched life of disappointed promise; William Baker, a Plympton knight's son; and last, but not least, the Hon. Charles James Fox, the *enfant gâté* of Eton, of his family, of Parliament, and it may be said of English history. It is difficult to add anything to all that has been written about Charles James Fox, though the more that is known the easier it is to understand the unparalleled affection felt for him and his talents in spite of the irregularities of his life and the dangerous example of misused genius which he set to others. It is noteworthy to-day that it was Charles Fox who said to Sam Rogers, 'If I had a boy I would make him write verses. It is the only way to know the meaning of words.' Fox's own Latin verses have been

preserved by his biographer, Sir George Trevelyan, in an extract from the 'Vale,' or leaving poem, addressed by Fox to Dr. Barnard :

Ut patriae, (neque enim ingratus natalia rura
Praeposui campis, mater Etona, tuis.)
Ut patriae, carisque sodalibus, ut tibi dicam,
Anglice, supremum, Quintilliane, Vale !

Fox sat to Reynolds in 1762, 1764, and 1765, and paid the artist 50*l.* for two portraits, the second of which was lately in the collection of Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

Two remarkable boys are represented by copies after portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hugh Percy, Lord Warkworth, was afterwards as Earl Percy one of the few British generals to serve with honour and distinction throughout the disastrous war in America, and in later life was destined to hold a commanding influence over English society as second Duke of Northumberland ; his portrait at Eton was copied by Thomas Phillips, R.A., from the original portrait at Petworth by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Frederick, Viscount Morpeth, whose portrait here is a copy by John Jackson, R.A., was as fifth Earl of Carlisle, a title to which he succeeded when still an Eton boy, one of the most noted figures in cultivated and aristocratic circles in the days of Horace Walpole, his life being to some extent interwoven with that of his Eton friend and relative, Charles James Fox.

Dr. Barnard succeeded to the Provostship in 1765, and was followed as Headmaster by Dr. John Foster, whose reign of eight years was one of the least fortunate in the history of the school. A few portraits belong to this period, including four by Benjamin West—William Young, afterwards Sir William Young, M.D., F.R.S., and governor of Tobago ; Francis Vincent, afterwards eighth baronet and British envoy to Venice ; and two noted sportsmen in the persons of Charles Maynard, who succeeded his relative in 1775 as second Viscount Maynard of Easton, and of Sir Henry Fetherstonhaugh, second baronet of his name. By Reynolds is a portrait of the Hon. William Ward, afterwards third Viscount Dudley and Ward ; by David Martin, one of George Brodrick, fourth Viscount Middleton ; by William Hoare, R.A., a pastel of the Hon. Edward Clive, afterwards created Earl of Powis ; and by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., Charles Manners, Marquess of Granby, eldest son of the famous General, who was to succeed his father as fourth Duke of Rutland. It is uncertain if these portraits were presented to the Headmaster or to the Provost, and it is possible that it was

Dr. Barnard still who solicited and obtained these favours, for a letter from him acknowledging the receipt of Lord Granby's portrait is among the family papers at Belvoir Castle. Dr. Foster was succeeded in 1773 by Dr. Jonathan Davies, who had a long and prosperous reign of nineteen years. During this period several portraits of the highest interest were added to the collection, and undoubtedly presented to the Headmaster himself. Two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds belong to this period, one of Francis Basset, afterwards well-known in Cornwall as Baron de Dunstanville, and John Bligh, fourth Earl of Darnley, the first of three successive earls, father and son, whose portraits appear in this collection. Dr. Davies's time is, however, marked by the remarkable series of portraits by George Romney, which belong to this period. No fewer than fifteen portraits were painted by this most gifted of painters, and some of them are among the most charming of his works. To no painter, even to Reynolds or Gainsborough, did the naïve self-consciousness of the growing boy appeal more than to Romney. There was just that element of mysticism in his nature which enabled him to exercise a kind of clairvoyance in reading the future. His portraits of boys are more than brilliant counterfeits of brilliant subjects, they *donnent à penser*, and, were the names missing from the portraits, one would fain ask what happened to those boys in after life.

Indeed it is well worth while to trace the history of some of the boys portrayed by Romney. This youth with the finely cut features is the Earl of Mornington, who came to Eton in 1771 as Viscount Wellesley, and was brought back to Eton at his own wish, as Marquess Wellesley, K.G., in order to be buried by the chapel which he had loved so dearly as a boy. How many pages in the history of England, of Ireland, of India, are to be found in the book of Lord Wellesley's life, a life in which Eton ever held a ruling place in his heart, Eton which has never failed to carry out Lord Wellesley's hopes :

Det Patribus Patres, Populoque det inclyta Cives,
Eloquiumque foro Iudicisque decus.
Concilioque animos magnaeque det ordine genti
Immortalem alta cum pietate Fidem.

That boy with the refined face, seated in a pensive attitude with an open book in his hand, is Charles Grey, who was to walk in the footsteps of Charles James Fox as the great Whig leader in

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Parliament, and as second Earl Grey was to be identified for ever with the first great Reform Bill. Another portrait is that of Samuel Whitbread, an honoured name in Parliament and society; another is that of William Henry Lambton, one of the Etonian coterie with Fox, Grey, and Whitbread, soon to make their mark as young Whig leaders, members of the 'Society of Friends of the People,' whose liberal views caused wings to flutter in many a parliamentary dovecote. Another portrait which for political reasons demands attention is that of William Wyndham Grenville, who succeeded William Pitt as Prime Minister, and died as Baron Grenville. One rather self-conscious boy is Charles Moss, the son of a bishop, and himself in due time to become Bishop of Bath and Wells. In Election Hall hangs a portrait of a large-eyed boy, perhaps the most beautiful in the series by Romney, whose diary records that Mr. Woodcock sat for two portraits at 'Bedford Row, 1788, January 7, 12, 19, 26; February 2, 9; June 5. Both paid for in full by Mr. Woodcock, fifty guineas, July 3, 1789. The copy sent to Mr. Woodcock's, July 17, 1789. The original sent to Dr. Davies, Eton, July 18, 1789.' Happy Mrs. Woodcock to be the proud mother of such a beautiful boy, and if he be, as seems likely, the Henry Woodcock who became Canon of Christ Church and Prebendary of Salisbury, it is comforting to assume that in his case at all events he was as good as he was beautiful.

Towards the close of Dr. Davies's reign the names of John Hoppner, R.A., and Sir William Beechey, R.A., begin to appear among the list of painters, and they contribute largely to the portraits painted during the ensuing reign of Dr. Heath from 1792 to 1802. Thirteen portraits are credited to Hoppner alone, excluding the large portrait of George Canning, painted at a more mature age. About twelve are by Beechey, whose art is very well expressed in portraits of this description. Specially notable are the portraits by Beechey of Henry Hallam, the historian; Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the famous sportsman; and the Hon. William Herbert, afterwards Dean of Manchester, who edited the well-known 'Musae Etonenses' when still an Eton boy. To Dr. Heath's time also belong a few portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and that excellent portrait-painter, Thomas Phillips, R.A., whose works extend also over the ensuing reign of the grandiose Dr. Goodall from 1802 to 1809. Dr. Goodall was succeeded by the famous Dr. Keate, who reigned from 1809 to 1834. Portrait-painting in England was now beginning to decline, and although

a few portraits by Lawrence, Phillips, and even by Beechey belong to this period, the average excellence of the portraits is considerably lower than fifty years earlier. Harlow, Hayter, Sir Martin Shee and Margaret Carpenter are but poor substitutes for Romney and Hoppner. The interest in the portraits lies in the boys represented and their future achievements rather than in the quality of the painting. During Dr. Keate's reign moreover the Newcastle scholarship was founded, and as it was considered the 'blue ribbon' of an Eton boy's education, the Newcastle scholar was selected to have his portrait painted for the Headmaster. Art, however, serves money and rank more gladly than it does learning. Scholars, and especially King's scholars, at Eton did not come from homes where money was plentiful, and portraits became by degrees a duty to be performed with as little expense as possible, or within the limits of the customary leaving-money.

Dr. Keate, however, was lucky in securing a few really good portraits, such as those of the Hon. Edward Geoffrey Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby and the famous Prime Minister, painted by Harlow; Lord Clifton, afterwards fifth Earl of Darnley, a remarkable and attractive painting by Phillips; and Lord Brecknock, afterwards Marquess of Camden, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. One somewhat disappointing portrait, the painter of which is unknown, is said by tradition to represent Arthur Henry Hallam, the hero of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.' William Ewart Gladstone, the chief hero of Dr. Keate's reign, is only represented by a portrait painted by William Bradley in later years.

Many an Etonian voice has joined in the words of the old Eton College chanty:

Times are changed, and we are changed, and Keate has passed away.

And in time Dr. Keate gave place to Dr. Hawtrey, under whom the portraits, though not decreasing in number, declined steadily in the degrees of artistic excellence. Many are the names of interest which occur among the portraits of Dr. Hawtrey's reign, but the interest is personal, and the portraits in some cases are rapid and devoid of character. This may be attributed in great part to the rise in the scale of payment to artists. The leading portrait-painters of the day, however inferior they might be than Reynolds, Romney, or Beechey, still claimed a fee much higher than those of their great predecessors. Even artists of the second rank could not be expected to give their services within the limits

of the ordinary leaving-money. Fortunately the chalk drawing had been made fashionable by George Richmond, R.A., and could be employed at Eton. Thus the artistic decay was arrested for a time under Dr. Goodford and Dr. Balston—whose collection of pupils' portraits has only recently been bequeathed by his widow to the Headmaster—by Richmond's virile if uninspiring pencil. The spontaneity, however, of the offering had long since died out, and the boys themselves seem to have taken little pride in bequeathing their counterfeit presentments to the Provost or Headmaster. Perhaps it was not considered good form to ask for such a privilege, or perhaps the growing preponderance of portraits, representing boys who might in school language be stigmatised as 'saps,' produced a feeling of contempt among the more elegant and sporting members of the Eton community. With Dr. Balston and the establishment of a capitation fee the practice of presenting a portrait died out, and posterity will be unable to look upon and admire the youthful presentments of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Roberts, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other notabilities who have carried on the great traditions of Eton oratory, Eton statesmanship, and Eton's captainship in the forum or elsewhere in the battlefield of life. Perhaps the portraits of the present Earl of Rosebery and Lord Fitzmaurice, which bring the long series to a close, have proved a sufficient deterrent to those who would have liked to see their portraits there, but who themselves or whose parents were not disposed to expend more than their ancestors did when Reynolds and Romney were painting portraits at twenty guineas apiece. Would that it had been possible for the series of portraits to have been continued by a selection from the best among modern Etonians, the most distinguished for their scholastic or athletic attainments, or for their personal beauty in the heyday of their youth, depicted by the magic brush of Millais, Watts, and Sargent.

Enough, however, has probably been said to excite some interest in the unique collection which does exist in the Provost's Lodge, more than two hundred portraits, which serve to illustrate many pages in the history of England during the last hundred and fifty years. The list of names in itself shows how little Eton has changed in the quality of the boys who come generation after generation to the old school. In the words of one, whose loss is still keenly felt by his contemporaries, 'They are all in the old school list' (J. K. S.). It is hope, however, not regret, which pervades and illumines the quadrangles and playing fields of Eton. Each year

the school, like the bole of some venerable oak, gives out the glad-someness of bright, blossoming lives, and sheds each year ripe acorns of promise into its country's native soil. Under the honoured name of Lyttelton the pride of Eton can hardly be diminished. The roots of the tree are like those of the great ash tree of the northern sagas, which penetrated through and round the world, the mighty tree

That reared its blessings roofward, and wreathed the roof-tree dear
With the glory of the summer and the garland of the year.
I know not how they called it ere Volsung changed his life,
But his dawning of fair promise, and his noontide of the strife,
His eve of the battle-reaping and the garnering of his fame
Have bred us many a story and named us many a name.

Many a Sigurd has gone forth from Eton to earn imperishable renown. Many a name is to be found in this Eton portrait gallery. Many a story may be read. They are only a few among the names and stories which are to Eton an ever self-renewing garland of its fame.

LIONEL CUST.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'JOHN DELANE.'

IF, in the middle days of the last century, you had seen the figure of a certain tall young man, ruddy of complexion and powerful of build, you might have foretold a dozen successful careers for him, as squire, lawyer, or man of business, but perhaps you would not have fitted him at once with his indubitable calling. That spark of genius, for surely it was not less, flashed in the brain of John Walter, proprietor of the 'Times,' when he saw the second son of a neighbour of his in the country riding to hounds or conducting a successful election on his behalf. John Thadeus Delane went to Oxford and distinguished himself there rather as a bold rider—'Mr. Delane is part and parcel of his horse,' wrote his tutor—a tennis-player, or a boxer (for the hot Irish blood in him would rise) than as a nice scholar or a mathematician. His letters to his friend George Dasent show him something of a Philistine, with a command of vigorous and wholesome English, lending itself happily to such casual remarks as those he had to make about his studies and his sports. He did not know, for instance, 'how I am to cram a sufficient store of divinity into my head. As the premises will only be occupied a short time with the last-named commodity, the trouble of storing it should be slight. [I must] try to secure a patent safety vehicle. . . . This is a most glorious country—capital people, excellent horses, prime feeding, and very fair shooting.' Such is the slang of the 'forties, which, with its comfortable lapse from the dignity of contemporary prose, reveals a young man lazily conscious of his power, with a capacity for shooting words straight if need be, and for distorting them at will, which is the despair of lady novelists who seek to reproduce it.

Directly he had taken his degree, in 1840, he went to Printing-house Square, and was occupied with various duties about the paper. Little is said of their nature, or of the way in which he discharged them, for he had now entered that unnamed world which is crowded but unchecked; there are duties which belong

¹ *The Life and Letters of John Thadeus Delane.* By Arthur Irwin Dasent.

to no profession, nor are the limits of work bounded so long as the brain urges on. He made himself familiar with the House of Commons, we are told, 'summarising the remarks of the principal speakers.' We must imagine how swiftly he took the measure of the world around him, gauging silently the capacity of his machine for reporting and perhaps for directing the turmoil. A year later, at any rate, when Mr. Barnes, the editor, died, Mr. Walter had no hesitation in choosing 'the youngest member of all the staff,' whose age was then twenty-three, to succeed him. Sense and industry and ability were his, but the easy margin of strength, as of a loosely fitting coat, which may be detected in his Oxford letters, marked him, to a discriminating eye, as the man who would put forth greater power than he had yet shown, with a competent tool in his hand, or would so weld himself to his instrument that their joint stroke would be irresistible. But it is one of the mysteries that tempt us and baffle us in this biography that the transition is almost unmarked. We hear Mr. Delane exclaim once, in 'tremendous spirits,' 'By Jove, John, . . . I am editor of the "Times,"' but in future the editor and the 'Times' are one, as in the old days the undergraduate was part of his horse. What the condition of the paper was when he came to it, or what private estimate he had formed of its scope, we are not told. But as all agree that the age of Delane was the great age, and that the paper grew with its editor, we may believe that he undertook the task without articulate reflection, conscious of a power within him that would soon fill all the space permitted it. 'What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility,' he was wont to laugh, when people wondered.

Much of the paper's industry as chronicler and reporter and simple publisher was merely that of a gigantic natural force, sucking in and casting forth again its daily cloud of print impartially; and the editor was lost in its shade. But almost at once the brain of the monster, which expressed itself daily in the four leading articles, was given cause to show its quality. There was a 'Ministerial crisis' and Delane had not only to anticipate the rest of the world in publishing the news, but to express an opinion. No study, were there material for it, could be more fascinating than the analysis of such an opinion. Hawthorne himself might have found scope for all his imagination, all his love of darkness and mystery, in tracing it from its first secret whisper to its final reverberation over the entire land. A great Minister sends for the

editor to his private room, and speaks to him ; a note from someone who has picked up a word at Court is left on him ; instantly, with an audacity that may land him in disaster, he fits the parts together, and instructs his leader-writer to embody them in a column of English prose ; to-morrow a voice speaks with authority in Court and market and Council Chamber. But whose voice is it ? It is not the voice of Mr. Delane, the urbane gentleman who rides along Fleet Street on his cob, nor is it the voice of Dr. Woodham, the learned Fellow of Jesus. It has the authority of Government and the sting of independence ; Downing Street trembles at it and the people of England give ear to it, for such is the voice of the 'Times.'

It is easy to submit to the fascination of the idea, and to conceive a monster in Printing-house Square without personality but with an infallible knowledge of persons, ruthless as a machine and subtle as a single brain. And there are facts in this book which seem to justify the most extravagant statement that we can make. There is, of course, the romantic story of the 'Times' and the repeal of the Corn Laws ; we read also how Louis Philippe and Guizot thought it worth their while to impede the paper's correspondence ; how the Czar heard of the Ultimatum of 1854 through the 'Times' and not through the Foreign Office ; how it was objected in the House of Lords that Cabinet secrets were made public, and the 'Times' answered, 'We are satisfied that it was useful to the public and to Europe' ; how the 'Times' foretold the Indian Mutiny, and was the first to reveal the state of the army in the Crimea ; how the 'Times' was foremost with the Queen's Speech and with texts and resignations innumerable ; making Ministries, deciding policies, exalting statesmen, and casting them down. The list might be lengthened, but surely without avail ; for already there is some risk lest we grow beyond our strength and forget, what these volumes should recall, the character, the individual will, directing this giant force and placing its blows in such tender quarters. His contemporaries certainly did not forget, for it was the independence of the paper that was chiefly valuable, or dangerous, as fortune chanced, and the spirit that preserved it from the blunt blow and shapeless mass of a machine was of course the spirit of Mr. Delane. Together with these triumphs of organisation we read of other triumphs that are no less remarkable. Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State lay aside (with relief one guesses) their impassive public countenance, and entrust Mr. Delane not

only with State secrets, but with private prejudices of their own. Here was one with greater knowledge than the best instructed of Ministers, with whom no secrecy availed, who was moreover so sequestered from the public eye that you might approach him without reserve, as patients their physician, or penitents their confessor. A letter from Lord Palmerston begins, 'I am told you disapprove . . .' and goes on to justify his action with allusions to foreign politics and the gout which, though each had a share in his behaviour, would not have been used to explain it either to the public or to his friends.

The anonymity which Delane took such care to preserve was no doubt of the utmost value in the conduct of the paper, investing it with an impersonal majesty; but there is reason to think that it came from no mere professional policy but was a deeply seated instinct in the character of the man. He was infinitely receptive, and so far 'anonymous' by nature that the broad columns of the 'Times,' filled with the writing of other men but sharpened and guided by himself, expressed all of him that he chose to express. When he left his rooms in the morning he rode about London, followed by a groom, calling at the House of Commons or at Downing Street, and took his lunch with one great lady and his tea with another. He dined out almost nightly, and met frequently all the great nobles and celebrities of the time. But his demeanour, we are told, was inscrutable; he was of opinion that society should be exclusive; and his attitude generally was one of 'observant silence.' He never mentioned the 'Times' after he had left the office, though the paper was always in his thoughts. At length, when he had stored his mind with observations, he returned to Printing-house Square, and, with his energies at full play and his staff circling round him, shaped the course of the paper in accordance with his own view until it was three or four in the morning and he must rest before the labours of the day. And yet, in spite of his silence—his broad way of looking at tendencies and institutions rather than at individuals—men and women, we read, gave him their confidences. They were sure of able consideration from a man who had infinite experience of men, but, as it appears from his letters, they were sure also of a massive integrity which inspired absolute trust, both that he would respect your secret, and that he would respect, more than you or your secret, what was right. His letters, however, can seldom be said to add anything that the columns of the 'Times' have not already supplied; but they are taken again

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of the literal truth of his phrase, when there was talk of his retirement, 'All that was worth having of [my life] has been devoted to the paper.'

There was not sufficient space between his professional life and his private life for any change of view or difference of code. We may find in that fact some clue to the amazing authority which he wielded, for it is easy to see that if you disproved some opinion of his or disparaged some method, you aimed a blow at the nature of the man himself, the two being of one birth. When he travelled abroad and visited towns famous for their beauty or their art he was unconscious of their appeal, but was inclined to adopt on such occasions the attitude of a portly gentleman with pretty children. Perhaps he had noticed some new factory or some stout bridge from the train window, and had found in it the text of a leading article. He travelled much, and visited any place that might become the centre of action; and in time of peace he went on pilgrimage through the great houses of England, where the nerves of the country come nearest to the surface. It was his purpose to know all that could be known of the condition and future of Europe, so far as certain great signs reveal it, and if he ignored much there was no wiser or more discriminating judge of the symptoms he chose to observe.

One quality seems to mark his judgments and to add to their value—they are so dispassionate. The indifference he always showed to what was thought of him came, naturally, from his well-founded trust in himself; but there was another reason for it, once or twice hinted in the course of this book, and once at least outspoken. The paper was more to him than his own fortunes, and, thus divested of personality, he came to take a gigantic and even humorous view of the whole, which sometimes seems to us sublime, sometimes callous, and sometimes, when we read certain phrases near the end, very melancholy. He was the most attentive observer of the political life of his age, but he took no part in it. When he was attacked he gave, with one exception, no answer. His anonymity, his reticence—no man was to take his portrait or to make him look ridiculous—are allied surely with the casual bluntness of speech and indifference to praise or blame which gave his opinion its peculiar weight. 'Something like consternation prevailed at the War Office and at the Horse Guards when it became known that Delane intended to be present upon Salisbury Plain.' But could he have cared so much for the world, for politics, for the

welfare of numbers had he not been indifferent to his personal share in it? or again, would he so soon have tired of the scene had some part of it touched him more nearly? Again and again the phrase recurs, 'The New Year found me, as the last had done, alone at Printing-house Square,' and the loneliness deepened as life drew on until we find such a sentence as this: 'Nobody now [his mother being dead] cares about me or my success, or my motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since. . . I have much to be thankful for, [but] I have become so indifferent to life . . . weary both of work and idleness, careless about society and with failing interests.' But it would be unwise to allow such a sentence to set its seal upon the rest, or to colour too sadly that colossal erection of courage and devotion which he called 'the Paper'; his success only was tinged with 'a browner shade' than it might otherwise have worn.

When he was middle-aged he bought himself a tract of common near Ascot, and busied himself in reclaiming the land and in playing the farmer. It is easy to see him there, looking much like a country squire with the interests of his crops at heart, as he rode about and drew in great draughts of the open air. From the clods of earth and the watery English sky he received a passive satisfaction, and came perhaps to enjoy an easier intercourse with these dumb things than with human beings.

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HARRIET DIXON'S AFTERNOON OFF.

Busy every hour of every day with the small self-imposed duties which were the serious occupation of her life, Harriet Dixon permitted herself on one afternoon in each week to make holiday.

This holiday was always passed in the home of her Cousin Sarah. She was on her way to the handsome residence of that fortunate lady now, and walked through the June sunshine with a brisk and springy tread, frisking beneath the burden of threescore.

About her daily work she went a dowdy little figure; her old black skirt, worn shower-proof cloak, and bonnet of a forgotten shape served her to visit her district in; to scour the town in, gathering subscriptions for her boot-club; to beat up small recruits for her Band of Hope. The delicate features of her faded, pretty face were screwed up at such times into an expression of great earnestness and pre-occupation, for she liked to think that she was a useful woman. Perhaps to the overworked clergyman of the big parish in which she lived she was of use—perhaps he kept her running about from pillar to post, knowing that the idea of being helpful to him was helpful to her.

But on her 'afternoon off,' as she was pleased to call it, she was a different person. Her clothes she believed to have a transforming effect on her. In her best bonnet, with the knowing little aigrette of jet on one side which gave her such a jaunty air, she held her head at a new angle. The lines of her face and her tightly screwed mouth relaxed as she listened to the frou-frou of her alpaca skirt upon the silk petticoat Cousin Sarah had given her. So incessant were her trotings to and fro upon its pavements that she knew most of the people in the town by sight, and with many had a bowing acquaintance. To these, mostly business people, she, with her assumption of the rôle of business woman, would give a quick little nod as she hurried by. But on the afternoons when she wore her elegant lace and silk mantle her salutation was more distant, courtly, and polite.

'I don't care a pin what I look like, or what people think of me, while I'm at my work,' she would say, carefully removing the smart bonnet from the smooth bands of her iron-grey hair in Cousin

Sarah's sumptuous bedroom. 'I'm just little Harriet Dixon, anybody's servant—what does it matter? I often get the rough side of people's tongues, doors are slammed in my face. "Hold on!" I say to myself. "Hold on, Harriet Dixon. It matters only to you, and so not at all." But when I get into my nice clothes I am a lady—a different woman. And when I start to walk to your house, Sarah, I bear a rudeness or a familiarity from no one.'

Sometimes she did not take off the bonnet until she had been for a drive with Cousin Sarah. That lady's coveted patronage was bestowed in some of the shops situated in the parish where Harriet worked. Standing in her cousin's wake she would look at the familiar faces of the assistants across the counter with her screwed-up lips puckered into a hundred lines, without a sign of recognition in her small, still glistening eyes.

'I should not dream of shaking hands with one of them while with you,' she would say, seated beside Mrs. Corney in the landau once more.

'If you did I couldn't take you shopping, Harriet,' Mrs. Corney would reply, with her self-approving laugh. 'When you are at Rome you do as Rome does, you know.'

And Harriet, contentedly acquiescing, would sit, slightly swaying with the motion of the carriage—the movement gave her almost the air of royalty graciously acknowledging the salutations of the people—would cut her humbler friends as she passed them in the street, would put her carefully gloved little hand upon the footman's arm as she descended, with quite the manners, she was satisfied, of carriage folk.

But to-day when she arrived at the Corneys' house—they lived in a handsome imposing place in the suburbs of the town of which Thomas Corney was mayor, that year; Harriet walked down a quarter of a mile of drive, going from sunshine to shadow, from shadow to sunshine beneath the avenue of beeches, before she arrived at the superlatively neat garden with its begonia beds, its ornamental shrubs, its glittering glass-houses—she found there was to be no drive.

'Dixie has come in,' Mrs. Corney said.

Dixon was the only child of the house. Corney senior was a wholesale grocer. The splendid bays in the smart landau, the over-gardenered garden, the over-upholstered house, were all due to that business, shrewdly and indefatigably conducted. Corney

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junior, however, must have a profession, not a trade. He was a lawyer, therefore; or would be one when he had passed a last examination and qualified.

'Dixie has got an attack of neuralgia, and has gone up to his room to lie down,' his mother explained. 'He won't let me sit with him; yet I don't feel comfortable to leave him with only the servants; and there are some places I must call at this afternoon, and the carriage is ordered. So if you don't mind sitting here or in the garden, Harriet, and now and then giving him a look——'

It was a little disappointing to Harriet, of course; but if there was any person on earth whom she admired and loved more ardently than Sarah and Sarah's husband, it was their son. A greater honour even than to be driving in the mayor's carriage was it to be set in guard over Dixon!

'Sure it is not this examination he has just gone through which has been too much for his nerves?' she inquired as she watched her cousin dress for her drive. She put her head on one side as she asked the question, with the air of an interrogating robin.

Mrs. Corney repudiated the idea. 'Study is no trouble to Dixie,' she said with comfortable assurance. 'Tom says the boy is so naturally sharp and clever he has no call to toil and moil over his work like the rest of them. He's to hear to-day or to-morrow about passing; but none of us have any fear about it.'

She went off, smiling, waving a friendly hand to the pretty old maid on the doorstep, standing in the sunlight, pleasant to look at. They all of them laughed at little old Harriet, with her absurd affectations, her devotion to business that was no business, the airs of ladyhood she gave herself in her cheap alpaca with its 'tuckers' of a bygone age at throat and wrists; but it was agreeable to have a funny little thing like that belonging to you that you could make use of on any emergency—if there was illness in the house, if the servants wanted looking after while master and mistress were on their holiday. One, too, who had the good sense not to expect to be invited if anything really smart was going on. It was a pity Tom was always so sharp with her; he hadn't much patience with the poor little thing's sillinesses, and Harriet always jumped at the sound of his voice. 'Twas a shame of Tom, as Harriet bore no malice and was always saying how much she admired Mr. Corney. Dixie from his babyhood had laughed at her and played jokes on

her; but Harriet was so foolish-fond of Dixie and let him see he could do what he liked with her.

So the mayor's wife went off to pay her calls, plump, comfortable, handsome, smiling to herself, with no shadow of fear in her heart. Success and the Corneys had walked hand in hand; for all their married life no grief had come near them. Misfortunes happened to other people, certainly, but they always brought them upon themselves by some stupidity or other. Mrs. Corney and her husband, cautious, sensible people, and of a right judgment in all things, had nothing to be afraid of.

Sarah smiled as she drove away, and Harriet smiled to see her go, the sun shining on the shining equipage, the silver harness, the glossy-coated bays. She watched the smart carriage out of sight, and then her eyes ranged over the smart garden, its ribbon borders, its patty-pan beds gorgeous with colour, its emerald grass, its golden gravel. Ah, it was well to be Sarah, with such possessions! Harriet did not grudge them; she gloried in knowing they were hers.

'My Cousin Sarah's!' she said; and as she turned to go into the house, her eyes, small but full of colour still, glistened in the sun. She was quite content with her share in all the beauty.

She crossed the cool, shadowed hall, and tip-toed up the crimson and purple carpet of the stairs—so thick and rich it was, with such massive rods.

'I always take the best of everything because I can't get better,' Sarah would say in her comfortable, joking way. It was nice to feel your tread sinking into the best. At Harriet's lodgings there were no carpets on the stairs.

At the bedroom door of the son of the house she stopped and listened, her head on one side in its bird-like attitude. The young man with the neuralgia was heavily pacing the room, and as Harriet listened a great sigh was heard, and after a minute there was a groan.

'Dixon!' she called in her thin voice.

At the time of his birth his father and mother had been almost as poor as Harriet, who had been his godmother. Although in the family he was Dixie, she always gave him his baptismal title and liked to hear the handsome, prosperous young man answering to his name which was hers.

There was no answering now.

'Dixon,' she called again; and only a groan came in reply.

'Dear me,' Cousin Harriet said. She was overpowered with

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concern and pity. Cautiously she opened the door, and peeped in. 'My poor Dixon, are you so very bad?' she asked.

His nerves must, after all, have been in a dreadful state; the face that flashed round on her was of a ghastly white, his voice came in a difficult whisper. 'What—what—what is it?' he asked.

When he understood it was only Cousin Harriet come to inquire for his pain, he told her, with no ceremony, and in one word, to *go*; shut the door in her face; turned the key upon her.

Yet, having hurriedly retreated and taken refuge in the drawing-room, where it was such a pleasure and high privilege to sit, Harriet had hardly taken up the knitting she always kept there, when a servant appeared to tell her that Mr. Dixon had rung for her to go up to him at once.

'Certainly,' Harriet said, 'most certainly!' and rose with great alacrity and laid aside the white Berlin.

The garments she in all her spare moments knitted for the poor were made in a cheaper, rougher wool, of crude shades, not according at all with the artistic hues of the upholstery in Sarah's room; Harriet had, herself, perceived this. When the white Berlin wool was all knitted up she unravelled it and knitted it again.

'Your face worse, my dear Dixon?' she inquired, her own face puckered into lines of anxiety and concern. Unboundedly as she admired Dixon she had, since he had arrived at man's estate, held a certain awe of him; and while she gloried in his youthful magnificence had been careful not to thrust herself upon his attention.

'Tooth's bad,' he said sullenly. 'Come in.'

He shut the door behind her and locked it.

'I've got something to tell you,' he said; he spoke in a toneless whisper, as if his voice were exhausted from emotion. 'You know about my exam.?' They've ploughed me. I heard this morning.'

'Dixon!'

She subsided into a chair just inside the door; her arms fell at her sides. This was calamity. The sort of thing which happened to other people, not to the Corneys. She held her small mouth tightly screwed, and looked at the young man with bright eyes glued upon his face.

'What will your father say?' she asked him.

Corney senior was alarming even in success; when all things

went well with him a terrifying person; what would he be like under this?

'What will your father say?'

'He'll say nothing to *me*,' the young man said.

'How was it?' she asked him, breathlessly. 'Why was it?'

'It was because I have not worked. I have not read. I have not cared.'

'Dixon! You surprise me! The toothache? It hindered your application? Explain to your father, Dixon; make a clean breast of it. No—to your mother. Let Sarah break the news.'

'Not I. There won't be any need. There's worse—worse than this.'

He sat down on the side of the bed, where, she saw by its tumbled appearance, he had been tossing. He sat with hanging head, and curved back. He was a handsome youth, said to favour his mother rather than his father.

'The boy grows more like you every day,' had been one of the pleasant things Harriet was, every week, in the habit of saying to Sarah. Yet now it was not his likeness to Sarah that struck her, but to Sarah's brother—a young man of whom Dixon had never even heard, whose name Mr. Corney had forbidden to be mentioned in his house; a young man who had died long years ago in gaol.

Yes! What a dreadful thing! The recognition of this suddenly revealed likeness struck her with an added consternation across her dismay. She hoped Tom and Sarah would not notice it, but it was like Sam dear Dixon had all at once become. Poor Sam! of whom she (Harriet) dared never even to think in the Corneys' house, but with whom she had played in her youth and so could not quite forget.

'There's worse than this,' Dixon said, looking between his knees, limply fallen apart, upon the carpet. 'I've gone to the bad, Cousin Harriet.'

'Dixon! My dear Dixon! No! Don't tell me, Dixon! Don't tell me!'

'There's something I've done——'

'Ah, don't tell me!' she implored, and he was silent.

She had covered the sight of him away with her hands over her face, but presently drew the thin extended fingers below her eyes, and letting them rest upon the cheek bones, peered fearfully above them at the collapsed figure upon the bed.

" 'Tell me—is it disgrace?' she asked him. 'Just that—nothing more.'

'It's prison—if I'm here when they come for me,' he said.

'Ah!'

For a long time after that gasping sound no word fell. Clutching her withered cheeks she looked upon the young man, who, slowly doubling up more and more as he sat, looked upon the carpet. She looked at him, and she saw—Sam. Sam who had always been so good-natured; who had played with her and taken her part because she was so small!

All the ghastly, remembered business: the trial, the disgrace, the suffering, the shame!

Sarah in her landau with the high-stepping bays, the best dressed, most prosperous woman in the town. Mr. Corney, austere, proud, splendid—and mayor.

'Dixon,' she said, 'it must not be.'

'No,' said Dixon, in the exhausted whisper. 'But I want you to help me.'

'Tell me how. I will do it—if it was with the last drop of my blood.'

'Look here!' he said. One of his hands had lain inert in his coat pocket. He drew it out; it held a little bottle half filled with a dark fluid. 'Toothache—do you see?' he explained. 'Laudanum—for my toothache.'

She nodded with a dreadful comprehension.

'They would not give me enough at one shop, and I was afraid to hang about. I don't know how soon—. I want you to get me some more. Get it at two shops. Get enough.'

'Is there no other way?' she asked.

His dry lips, from which hardly any sound came, formed the word 'None.'

She made a minute's moaning, looking at him above the fingers which dug into her cheeks, rocking on her chair. Then she got upon her feet.

'For Sarah's sake—for your father's—for yours—I will do it.'

'Hurry!' was all he said.

She caught the tram which passed the Corneys' lodge-gate to the town; did her errand; caught the tram again; was back at the Corneys' house well within the hour. She emptied the contents of the two bottles she had brought, and the contents of the one Dixon had showed her, into a glass, and set it by the side of his

bed. He was lying there when she returned, his face hidden in his pillow. She did all swiftly, unhesitatingly. The bed was shaking with the shivering of the wretched boy who lay upon it. She went into another room, pulled the eiderdown from the bed and covered him with it.

She was dry-eyed as she went from the room. She had not said a prayer, nor spoken, nor kissed the unhappy lad. If she had allowed herself to do one of these things she would have broken down. Until his mother returned and she could escape she must not break down.

In the drawing-room, the soft-footed parlour-maid, wearing the latest thing in aprons, cap, and cuffs, brought in tea. The room in Harriet's eyes had been the model of taste and splendour. The sight of its silk curtains, its velvet carpet, its feather-screens and brocaded chairs gave her a feeling of physical sickness now. She took a cup of tea but could not drink it, could not stop in the house.

In the garden the blues and yellows and reds of the beds, the green of the grass, all swam before her eyes. She had a minute's unconsciousness as she leant against the pillar of the portico. Her eyes opened on Cousin Sarah's bays standing before the door, and Cousin Sarah descending from her carriage.

'Not going?' Mrs. Corney said; 'nonsense! Come in and get your tea.'

She would rather go home, Harriet said. She had not been feeling very well. Better now. Certainly better.

'How is Dixie?'

'Trying to sleep.'

'I'll run up to see him.'

No! Sarah must not do that. He had asked to be undisturbed; he wished to—sleep. Harriet had covered him up warm; he had some laudanum to rub on the outside of his face. He thought he would sleep—for a long time. He particularly wished not to be—

Harriet nodded; she could not complete the sentence; she walked away.

She looked very ill, Sarah thought. 'Have the carriage,' she called after her. The little old woman waved a hand and walked quickly and unsteadily away.

She had always refused to have the carriage brought to her lodging. It would not do for the coachman and footman to dis-

cover how poor was the roof which covered their mistress's cousin. Not even the best bonnet with the aigrette, the silk and lace mantle, the frou-frou of the alpaca skirt on silk could impress them after that.

Her landlady, a quite poor woman of the humblest class, was up with her all night. She was so very ill. In the morning, when an urgent message came requesting her to go at once to the Corneys', she was too weak and exhausted to stir from her bed.

The landlady, for all her lodger's prostrate condition, did not see fit to spare her news of which she was so full herself she must give it forth or perish.

'Young Corney—the mayor's son, the only one he've got—'s dead,' she said. 'Think o' that! Had the toothache, and took too much lodningham. A nice-looking young feller—I ha' seen him, times! Just to think he should be dead!'

To think of it!

It had been to save his father and mother and himself from a degradation of which it was too horrible to conceive in relation to them. She did not repent of what she had done. She had never doubted the necessity of it, she did not now. If it had to be done again, and she had the strength, she would do it all over again to-day. A worker in the cause of religion, an undoubting believer, a constant attendant at church—strange to say, the religious aspect of the case had never troubled her. What had taken place yesterday would have been a sin in other circumstances, other people being concerned——

Yes; but Sarah, Tom Corney, their only, splendid young son! It was a different matter.

But dead? Dixon. The house without him for ever. His handsome face, his laugh; his beautifully fitting coats; the silk neckties and socks his mother knitted for him. Dead. The house without him; the garden; no door opening to show him coming in; never his step sharp upon the gravel or light upon the stair. Morning; afternoon; evening; no Dixon. Dead.

Long after the story of the accidental death of the mayor's only son had grown stale, certain ugly whispers—which mercifully never reached his mother's ears—quite hushed up, Harriet Dixon, old and feeble, a shadow of her former brisk, alert self, crept in to one of the poorly attended week-day services at her parish church.

The first time that she had been able to get so far since Dixon Corney's death.

She wore her shabby, work-a-day clothes; her best, she felt that she could never put on again; never any more drive in desolate Cousin Sarah's carriage; never, never look upon the splendour of the reeling drawing-room or of the gay garden which had raced so dizzily round with her as she had clung to the pillar of the portico for support.

The service over, the tiny congregation dispersed, Harriet Dixon, going slowly, with trembling legs, a feeble hand laid upon a poppy-head, here and there, for support, made her way to the vestry.

The clergyman, waiting there for any of his flock who chose to seek him, said a few warm words of welcome and would have taken both her hands in his; but she kept him off.

'Listen!' she said; 'I am a murderer.'

She was a small and slight and little old lady; so bird-like and guileless; her life, whose ways, he thought, lay all open to him, had been such a labour of love for others, that he had much ado to keep himself from laughing as he heard.

'A murderer,' she repeated; 'and unrepentant.'

'Dear Miss Dixon—'

'Wait! You don't hold with confession, I know. Neither do I. Still I have made it. Here; in the church. I thought it was due. In these matters—however justified—something is due. I have made confession. Now; knowing what I am, will you still entrust me with parish work? Will you send me among your poor?'

He took her hands, and held them warmly and kindly in his own. She was evidently quite mad—poor little gentle, sinless, ridiculous old woman!—but it was best to humour her.

'Will I? Of course I will,' he said. 'You are the best and kindest, most devoted and selfless woman I know—we'll forget all about your being a murderer, dear Harriet Dixon.'

MARY E. MANN.

NATIONALITY IN HORSES.

THE extraordinary success of the International Horse-show at Olympia last year, and the unprecedented preparations being made for its repetition next June, suggest to my mind that we are perhaps witnessing one of those curious results of transition that have more than once become apparent in the history of civilisation, a result, I mean, which is really the reaction upon a moribund form of energy produced by the birth of novel or more highly developed forms.

The art of fence was produced by the invention of gunpowder. Before then, swordsmanship meant merely cracking a man's carapace of steel by sheer strength. When armour, rendered useless by the cannon-ball, became lighter and less complete, your skilful fencer found his reward in slipping home, under his opponent's guard, into the unprotected body. The final perfection of foil play was only reached when duels had almost completely gone out of fashion. In just the same way, to see the real perfection of the sailing-ship, either in war or commerce, we had to watch them in competition with the first steamers. Nothing like the fast clipper service across the Atlantic which was produced by the competition of the first steamboat had ever been evolved out of wind and canvas in the history of navigation.

Many other industries were galvanised into fictitious life by the application of steam-power in other directions. My grandfather, for instance, who was largely interested in the carrying trade between Manchester and London, was the first to put a screw steamer designed by Ericson on the water in England, not so much because he was interested in steamboats as because he was fighting for canal-barges against the threatening monopoly of railways. The railways ruined him, but not before his canal traffic had produced results superior to any seen before.

In precisely the same direction, I believe the coming triumph of the motor-car has produced the apotheosis of the horse. Certainly the biggest and best horse-show ever seen in this or any other country took place in the very year when records were being broken

for the first time on the new Brooklands Motor Track ; and though I do not think that horses will ever disappear as completely as canals did before railways, yet every serious observer must have realised by now that the horse will soon take the same place, relatively to the various forms of motor-car, that sailing-ships and yachts now take relatively to various forms of steamboats. For certain forms of trade sailing still holds its own, and yachting as a luxurious and splendid sport will never die ; in precisely the same way the big, docile, strong cart-horse will always find a place in our economy, and the luxury of driving four-in-hand, or riding to hounds across country, or watching the Derby and the Grand National will never be abandoned while England retains her national characteristics. But on the whole the horse, with the exception of a few expensive breeds, is doomed.

It is well, therefore, that the triumph of his passing should be fitly celebrated, in the country which has loved him more than any other, by two such gorgeous exhibitions of his beauty and his value as those of 1907 and 1908 in London. Some who saw last year's show at Olympia felt almost as if they were present at another feast of Belshazzar, and well-nigh expected to read the writing on the wall. It was there, though our eyes were dazzled by the clustering electric lights. And before such pageants become associated (as they will be in our children's minds) with the romantic struggles of a sentimental past against relentless progress, it may be well to consider what part this country has taken, as compared with other nations, in developing the finest animal ever bred for the service, the pleasure, and the sport of man.

It is rather the fashion nowadays for a certain class of high old crusted critics to deplore the international element that has so strikingly intruded itself into all forms of sporting and commercial activity. In the year of the Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush and the second International Horse-show at Olympia their voices have become particularly raucous and insistent. Their motto is that we have got on very well without the foreigner for so many centuries that they see no reason for welcoming him now. But they might as well complain of the precession of the Equinox, or speak in disrespectful terms of the Equator. It is true we were the home of sport for many a year. But our boundaries have long since been enlarged beyond the inviolate sea that guards our island shores. We have carried the gospel of sport, and sport in this connection means horse-breeding first and athletics afterwards, into all lands ;

and our pupils refuse to sit still and hide the boast that they are beginning to better their instruction.

As a matter of fact, too, if it had not been for the foreigner and his Eastern blood we should never have had English horses worth the name at all, or through them have developed a stock which stands unchallenged as the best animal the world has ever seen—'the English thoroughbred,' as we characteristically and proudly call him, though he is neither wholly English nor wholly thoroughbred, and will soon, I fear, even more completely justify a parallel with Voltaire's cruel phrase about the Holy Roman Empire. Still, while he is here, let us enjoy our horse and be proud of him. Better opportunities were given the average spectator last summer of comparing English breeds with others than were ever possible before, and I have not the least doubt that this comparison was a dominant factor in the public interest so amazingly manifested every time the gates of Olympia were opened. Most of us knew all about our racing stock before. Many had good reason for their faith in English hunters. But few could have foretold, what was evident at Olympia, that our light horses were never all round either so good or so valuable as they are to-day; that our hackneys, probably as near perfection as the breed can get, formed part of a finer exhibition of harness-horses than had ever before been got together in one ring; that in our polo ponies, which showed as high an advance as any breed, we had succeeded in producing that satisfactory type of miniature hunter which the exigencies of the game demanded, and which every cavalry regiment in Europe would be proud to own.

In spite of all mechanical developments it would scarcely be rash to assume that, until flying is an accomplished fact, the victory will go in the next European war to the army which is better horsed than its opponents. It is certain at least that if England had not possessed such extraordinary resources in other directions, we should have been beaten on horses alone in the South African war. So long as there is cavalry to be mounted and artillery to be horsed, so long will superior mobility preponderate in the scale of military efficiency. But have we learnt the lesson of providing large and easily reached sources of supply of these small, wiry, active animals which can carry a man all night and fight in the morning? Not at all. Our Governments continue to rely almost entirely on individual enterprise, with the result that in any similar emergency we shall again have to scour the world

for fifth-rate remounts at famine prices, which will break down after a fortnight's active service. Though it must be evident even to a War Office expert that motor-cars are reducing our available stock of omnibus-horses, is the State giving any increased encouragement to the production of a breed that will pull field guns across country at a gallop? Not a bit of it.

While every other country that pretends to have an army at all is giving substantial State-aid to horse-breeding industries which will produce animals of general utility both in war and peace, England, the home of the best horse in the world, does practically nothing. The moment when horses are being slowly but surely driven out of general traffic is the very last moment Fate will offer to any Government to solidify our horse-breeding industry under State guarantees upon a firm and practical and business-like basis. Even if the foreign practice of Government studs is held to be impossible here, much can be done by taking over younger horses from the farmers, and much more liberal prices might be paid for the matured animals which breeders have to offer. Certain it is that importations from the Continent and America are becoming fewer every year. Unless something is done, and done quickly, the only remedy for the Council of National Defence will be to produce a fleet of airships. They have no other practical or possible alternative.

The importance of national strength in horses can scarcely be over-estimated. The prime necessity of good horses to an energetic people has existed from the earliest records of the breed. In the course of his 'Origin and Theory of the Thoroughbred Horse,' a work of wonderful research, though not invariably correct deduction, Professor Ridgeway points out that the acquisition of horses by the Arabs in the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Mahommed was one of the most momentous events in history. Previously the natives of Arabia had played an insignificant part in the struggles for the mastery of Western Asia and Egypt, in which the Babylonian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Mede, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman had all taken their turn. Certainly the Arab of the impregnable desert was always safe from attack; but an ambitious race is not for long content with staying on the defensive. A time arrives when the desire for expansion and conquest becomes irresistible. So it was with the Arabs. And the horse gave them their chance. It is on record that before the birth of the Prophet some of the great men among the tribes

of South Arabia had become possessed of horses. From that day the breed was fostered and developed on the tableland of Nejd in a manner that no other nation of horse-lovers has ever surpassed, and the Arabian foray-horse soon became a power in the land. No other nation has ever so fully grasped the meaning of nationality in horses. No other land has ever been so closely identified with 'man's best friend.'

'Every grain of barley given to a horse is entered in the register of "Good Works,"' said Mahommed, and various passages in the Koran betoken the Prophet's deep appreciation of the value of horses to his people. We know with some degree of certainty that horses were ridden 1000 B.C., that chariots were in use probably two thousand years previously. But it was left to the people of the Prophet to forge the true connecting link in the chain between our modern Derby winners and the horses of the prime. All through the centuries the Arab helped on this ancient breed, increasing the speed, developing the stamina by means of careful selective mating, selling their stallions sometimes when the inducement was considered good enough, but always retaining the finest mares to carry on the priceless strain. Arab horses have, of course, been exported to all corners of the earth, but seldom has it been possible to keep the breed pure generation after generation without a loss of some of its best characteristics. Generally the height has been increased, but symmetry and compactness lost. As a former Egyptian ruler remarked to a European purchaser, 'Even if you succeed in getting hold of genuine Arabs, you will never breed pure Arabs from them, for an Arab is no longer an Arab when he ceases to breathe the air of the desert.'

Happily we were able to take the Arab horse and his near relative the Barb, and by their help to evolve a distinct breed which is superior to both parent stocks in size, strength, speed, and perhaps in powers of endurance. I refer, of course, to our thoroughbred horse. The assertion that the modern thoroughbred is superior to the modern Arab in the points just mentioned may not exactly coincide with opinions which imply that our studies in pedigree have been all a mistake—and that the two centuries devoted to painstaking breeding in England since Charles II. sent to the East for those royal mares which really laid the foundation of the British stud have practically been wasted. Short-distance racing, we are told, has brought about the alleged deterioration of the thoroughbred, and we are left to infer that in general excellence our present-

day racers are nothing like so good as the horses that sprang from the original Arabian stock. But there is no proof that our thoroughbreds have deteriorated at all; indeed, the opinion of the majority of those who have gone closely into the subject, from Admiral Rous's time down to the present, is to the effect that such modern champions as St. Simon, Flying Fox, Sceptre, and Isinglass have been as much in front of Eclipse, Childers and other giants of old as the latter were superior to the native English stock which flourished before the introduction of Eastern blood.

True, the tendency of the Turf of to-day is to produce sprinters and not long-distance horses. But races are run at top pace nowadays, and the race for a mile in 1908 probably calls for as great powers of endurance as the slower run four-mile heats of a hundred and fifty years ago. Is there an Arab who could have been matched against The White Knight last year over a four-mile course? Is there an Arab who would out-distance the fine thoroughbred hunters which may be seen in the first flight when hounds are running with breast-high scent over the grass-lands of the Shires? Is there an Arab capable of showing greater endurance than thoroughbreds such as Cloister, Manifesto, Ascetic's Silver, or Eremon over a tremendous course like that of the Liverpool Grand National? I should be the last to attempt to belittle the Arabian horse, whose value to the light breeds of the world has been simply incalculable, and who to-day is an admirable animal with many beautiful qualities; but I hold that in the modern thoroughbred horse we have enormously improved upon his original ancestor.

Arabian blood, spreading into the Barbary States, thrived almost as well there as on its original soil at Nejd. It spread, too, into Turkestan and prospered, and thus we find that Barbs and Turks as well as Arabs were imported into England at the time when Charles II. was doing so much for the thoroughbred horse to come. The English racehorse certainly benefited beyond all computation by the introduction of Barb, Turk, and Arab, which had become known as distinct strains, but were all from the same fountain-head; yet we cannot quite explain how it was that the native English stock was ready to commingle so successfully with the Eastern importation. May it not have been because the earlier and more casual importations of Arabians into England had already impressed themselves so firmly upon our breed that there was no violent clashing of types when breeders came to mate the two together? It must be remembered that Arab blood was brought

to England earlier than the Norman Conquest. It is more than likely that the Romans brought Eastern blood as well. Later, Kings John, Edward III., and Henry VIII. were all importers of Eastern blood. Thus the English horse had no inconsiderable dash of the Arab in him when the Godolphin Arabian, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Royal mares of Charles II. found their way to these islands.

It can honestly be claimed, therefore, that the modern thoroughbred, though produced partly from native stock, is of almost pure Arabian extraction. This applies as much to the hackney breed as to the racing thoroughbred. Shales, whose blood is found in the pedigree of every well-bred hackney, was by Blaze, by Flying Childers, by the Darley Arabian. Thus the brilliant harness horses which were the source of so much admiration at the international show last summer are descended from the same source as Eclipse and the extraordinary family of thoroughbreds which trace back to O'Kelly's Champion, whose descendants we cheer on at Ascot and Epsom to-day. It has taken thousands of years to evolve a racehorse capable of covering the Derby course in two minutes and thirty-three and four-fifths seconds, and it should interest students of biology to compare the handsome far-striding thoroughbred with Polakoff's *Equus Prejavalski*, that wild horse still surviving in the Great Gobi Desert whom scientists identify with a species hunted by Palæolithic man some 30,000 years ago in the Rhone Valley.

Which is the national horse of Britain? Is it the thoroughbred, for new supplies of whose blood the whole world comes to us year after year? Is it the harness-horse, who was seen to such advantage at Olympia? Is it the hunter, whose prowess over field and furrow has given him a world-wide reputation, and who has come to a particularly high state of perfection on the eminently suitable soil of Ireland? Is it the hardy pony, who has roamed the wilds of Exmoor, Dartmoor, the New Forest and Connemara from time immemorial? Or is it the cart-horse, whose majesty is the admiration of our London streets and country roads, and whose ancestry traces back to the great war-horses of old? It is a nice point. But I think the distinction must be given to the thoroughbred. Other nations can challenge us in harness-horses, in ponies, and in cart-horses, but the English thoroughbred remains supreme, and if now and again he is defeated upon the racecourse by a French, an American, or an Australian competitor, be it

always remembered that in nearly every case the foreign or colonial representative came from stock imported from England.

In discussing the various types of horses characteristic of different nations, I can but touch on the fringe of many vital problems, and this is no place to raise the important question of the actual results of change of pasturage on a given strain. If it were, I might ask why the limestone pastures of New Zealand and Australia did such evident good to descendants of our older stock and sent them back to us invigorated and improved by their new surroundings; I might suggest that when modern in-breeding has reached such a pitch that all seventeen runners in last year's One Thousand traced back in four generations to the same sire, it is time to try some such invigorating change again. But I must keep to facts that are less open to controversy; and in the development induced on our own thoroughbred stock by transportation to the United States I have just such a fact as is appropriate to this article.

Of America the national horse is undoubtedly the trotter, and it is most interesting to note the complete change brought about in the original strain by selective breeding and new environment in the course of a century. The trotter is typically American, and those who breed him are proud of the type. It is something which they have evolved by their own judgment, and though we in this country, who have never thought it worth while to develop the accentuated trotting gait, may not easily share the American enthusiasm, we ought ungrudgingly to grant that, having set themselves to breed the fastest harness-horse in the world, they have succeeded admirably. The most famous of modern trotters, Lou Dillon, a chestnut horse foaled in 1898, trotted to a record of 2.00 at Readville, Massachusetts, in August 1903, and at Memphis, in the same year, he eclipsed his own record by doing 1.58½, these times being made with the assistance of a shield. The American pacer, who is closely allied to the trotter in conformation, but has a different gait and is given a separate standard in the American Trotting Register, is almost as good. With the aid of a pacemaker in front, Dan Patch covered the mile in 1.55½ at Lexington, Kentucky, in October 1905. For the sake of comparison it may be added that the fastest mile ever accomplished by a racehorse in England was 1.33½ by the American-bred Caiman at Lingfield eight years ago, while the fastest time over the more severe Rowley Mile at Newmarket is Sceptre's 1.39 in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1902.

America has been breeding trotters systematically for fully a

hundred years, and now she can produce them to type just as easily as the Englishman breeds his thoroughbred, hackney, or Shire horse. Those who took the thoroughbred Messenger from Newmarket to Philadelphia in 1780, and the first Derby winner, Diomed, to New York a few years later, could little have imagined that those animals were destined to found a breed of horse entirely distinct in gait from themselves. Yet Messenger and Diomed, mated with the native mares—these probably the descendants of Yorkshire and Norfolk roadsters—were the ancestors of all of those brilliant American movers who delighted the eye at the International Show in Olympia. Associated with these and other imported thoroughbreds in the work of founding the breed was the imported Norfolk trotter Bellfounder (Jary's), and it was the happy combination of Messenger and Bellfounder blood which produced in 1849 the renowned trotting sire Hambletonian. Trotting tracks and speedways have increased amazingly in the States during the past forty years, and trotting fills much about the same place in the sporting life of America as racing holds in this country. American push and hustle is personified in the whirlwind trotting races, and the horse himself stands as a monument to American persistence of purpose.

In a land like France, where the horse stock is spread over a very great area, and different breeds are representative of different parts of the country, it is more difficult to say which is really the national type. A draught-horse, which is somewhat less massive in build than our own Shire horse and covers the ground with more of the true roadster action, is the animal most frequently encountered. And the Percheron, a grey trotting cart-horse, with clean limbs and a neat head, may be said to embody more than any other breed the equine characteristics of the country. Normandy always famous for its war-horses, is the breeding ground of these Percherons, formerly the post-horses of France, and their capabilities for heavy speed work have nowhere been held in higher esteem than in America. This Norman blood was mainly responsible for the magnificent team of six greys sent over to England by Mr. Ogden Armour last summer. The agility and handiness of these tremendous horses were greatly admired in every show at which they were driven, and the general opinion was that Big Jim, the pick of the team, was one of the finest Percherons ever foaled. Among the riding-horses of France the Limousin, who came from Saracen ancestors, once held a great reputation, and his decadence, dating from the time of the Revolution, shows that the love of

riding to hounds, never so strongly developed in France as in England, necessarily goes hand in hand with that improvement in the breed of light horses, in which Vial de Saint Bel took so large a share in the eighteenth century before he became head of our first veterinary college, and dissected the body of our most famous sire, Eclipse.

It may be added that the breeding of light horses in France, after having reached a low ebb, is now progressing rapidly every year, thanks to the system of public stud farms and substantial assistance given to breeders by the Government, who set aside more than 300,000*l.* annually for the needs of national horse-breeding. Thoroughbreds, too, are appreciably improving in quality, and to a French breeder, M. Edmond Blanc, goes the credit of having given the highest price ever realised by a horse of any breed. Nearly 40,000*l.* seemed a heavy sum to pay for Flying Fox, but his wonderful success at the stud has been a triumphant vindication of M. Blanc's judgment and enterprise.

Great progress is also being made with horse-breeding in all parts of Germany, for Prussia has always held her own in this direction, and the cavalry of Frederick the Great was said to have been the finest of the period. The original stock of horses in Prussia seems to have benefited largely by the infusion of Oriental blood at the time of the Saracen invasion of Europe, and at a comparatively recent date the English breeds did their share towards improving their quality. Sir Walter Gilbey has told us that during the past century the hackney blood has been widely diffused over the horse-breeding districts of Germany, particularly Hanover, Oldenburg, Holstein, Mecklenburg, and East Friesland; but long before the introduction of this blood, Eldenborg produced handsome coach-horses that made the name of the province well known throughout Europe, and it is on record that Oliver Cromwell, at the time of his Protectorate, received as a gift a team of coach-horses from the Duke of Oldenburg. Thus it is reasonable to rank the breed of Oldenburg among the national breeds of Germany, and the Hanoverians (so often used in English State processions) and the Mecklenburgs come under the same category. It is an odd coincidence that Germany should have the distinction of supplying both the cream Hanoverians for our State coaches and the black horses of Drenthe for our funerals.

Nationality in horses in Russia comes to the front in the Orloff trotting breed. To an Eastern horse called Smolenska, presented

to Count Alexis Orloff by Catherine II., according to several authorities, belongs the credit of having laid the foundation of the Orloff horses, but they derived the trotting action which has always been one of their characteristics from the Friesland breed, with which the Russians crossed the Arab blood. This Friesland horse, whose pace Blunderville described as a 'good comely trot,' did much to develop the trotting gait in different parts of Europe, and in all probability the Norfolk trotter, and just possibly the Yorkshire variety, get their brisk action from him.

The big horses of Flanders are renowned in the history of war, and in part from them are descended our own good breed of Shires, in whom we see the war-horse of medieval times, able to carry knights in armour, and to withstand the shock of joust and tournament.

Spain comes within the scope of this consideration of nationality in horses more than the majority of European nations do; for when the Arabian horses were originally brought to this continent they probably halted first in Spain. For ages the virtues of the Andalusian horse have been extolled, and one authority has it that the breed was acknowledged to be the best in Europe until the English produced the thoroughbred. 'I have heard some of the Spaniards,' said an old-time English writer, 'to set such praise on their jennets' courage, as they have not letted to report that they have carried their riders out of the field, I cannot tell how manie miles after the jennets themselves have been shot clean through the bodies with Harquebushes.' As a national breed Spain has highly prized the Andalusian, and many of the wealthy hidalgos of the country still possess beautiful specimens of the ancient breed which do not differ very materially from the horses which Markham and the seventeenth century writers eulogised for their value in war and their accomplishments in the *manège*.

On this June 18 the scope of the International Show is to be enlarged. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the display will be ideally international. England and Ireland then would be represented by their incomparable thoroughbreds and hunters. The fine old roadster blood of Yorkshire and Norfolk would be seen in the driving classes; Scotland would send her fascinating Shetlands, and Wales her stout running cobs. Heavy horses, chosen from the Shire, Clydesdale and Suffolk breeds would come up to prove that room will always be found for the great draught-horse in spite of motor traction, while the Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire coach-horses would typify the survival of coaching in the face of

mechanical competition. America would again send her brilliant pace and action horses, her pacers and trotters. France would be to the front with the always serviceable Percherons and the Boulonnaise breed, and, together with other continental nations, she might with advantage show some of her best military horses as practical evidence of the value of Government assistance in horse-breeding. Germany would make a special display of her Oldenburgs and Hanoverians; Russia, of course, would have her Orloff trotters, and the stately Andalusians would come from Spain. Then from Arabia we should have the pride of the desert, while Walers from Australia would remind us that at the show of 1907 the Colonial-bred All Fours held his own against the highly trained Continental jumpers in many exciting competitions, while Canada, surprisingly well represented at the last show, would once more be prominent.

Such a gathering would unfailingly appeal to all the nations. The promoters of the International Horse-show went halfway towards the achieving this ideal last year, and the scheme is by no means impossible of realisation in the near future.

In June the prize list reaches a total of 10,000*l.*, and three times that amount will have been spent on organisation before a single competitor steps into the ring. Among the thirty-three challenge and champion cups offered, those given as a mark of international courtesy by American, French, Belgian, and Dutch breeders are perhaps the most noteworthy. The system of an international jury, containing one English, one American, and one Continental expert has justified repetition by its success last year, and on the judges' list are representatives of Great Britain, of the United States, France, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, Canada, and Spain. Every one of these countries is struggling to produce an animal that will beat last year's record of 7 feet 2 inches for the high jump. The 'Venture' Cup of 200*l.* is likely to arouse the keenest competition among four-in-hand teams for road coaching.

It would all be splendid were there not the touch of pathos at the back of it. It is the last effort of the horse and the horse-lover to show that the world cannot do without them. But the world as they have known it is passing away, and the Kingdom of Machinery is at hand. Let us make haste, while there is yet time, to see the finish of that mighty race which began on the Arabian highlands and ends in all the lustre of the limelights at Olympia.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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NEW FRUITS.

MOST of us have echoed the cry of Punch's footman : 'It's high time a new animal was invented.' But a new fruit is still more desirable. It need not be more delicious than the old. Who was the sage who cried : 'Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but for sure He never did' ? Imagination fails to conceive that superior product, and yet it must be admitted that cream improves the flavour of strawberries. A fruit combining the two by its inherent virtue would certainly be a boon. In childhood I read of such a blessed prodigy. Some enthusiast described the cherimoya as tasting like strawberries and cream. I longed to visit Peru for no object beyond testing this assertion. The opportunity never came in many years of travel, but of late the cherimoya has been seen not infrequently at Covent Garden. Many of our readers have tried it, no doubt, but it may be asserted confidently that none of them observed a resemblance to strawberries and cream.

Nevertheless, such a happy combination may exist, or, what is more probable, may be created. I hope to show that some delicious fruits, known for ages, still await the attention of civilised man ; and some others, well worth culture apparently, have but lately been discovered. But, putting these aside, for the moment, much may be done with the species already established.

If we cannot hope to improve the strawberry further, those few of us who know what Continental science has effected, and profit by the knowledge, find themselves able to enjoy it the year round—not of the quality to which we are used, but as tasteful and as large, perhaps, as the fruit which delighted our ancestors. This is the 'Perpetual' form, obtained by crossing garden varieties with Alpines. The invention is but a few years old ; in a few years more assuredly its weaknesses will be corrected and its virtues strengthened.

Scientific gardeners are fond of saying : 'Hybridisation is in its infancy.' In truth, this phrase is heard so often that it rather gets upon the nerves of the fastidious. But it is undeniable all

the same. Hitherto the ingenuity of British hybridisers has been employed almost exclusively on flowers. The next generation will see marvels; already the species which they have taken in hand are transformed. But results as extraordinary can be obtained from the treatment of fruits—not less profitable either in the long run. Hybridisers generally are the pick of their class, not only intelligent but enterprising. Difficulties attract them, any new idea is welcomed if there be a reasonable prospect that it will pay expenses—for I speak of 'growers' or market gardeners, who have their living to get. Something has been done to improve the blackberry by crossing various species. Professor Babington reckons more than thirty. In one English garden at least beds of the excellent 'thornless' variety are established. One may buy hybrids of raspberry and blackberry—even of raspberry and strawberry. Few purchasers are satisfied with their bargain, probably, if they expected something 'nice.' But this is the beginning.

To discourse of new fruits without allusion to Dr. Luther Burbank and his achievements would be unwise, for many persons, supposing the omission due to ignorance, might conclude that the writer was unqualified to deal with his theme. But it is enough to correct this error. However interesting or important Dr. Burbank's labours may be, by his own statement they are still incomplete. When the authorities at Kew begged him four years ago to forward some of the remarkable fruits and flowers credited to his genius, he replied that none were ready; the reports circulating are premature. Under these circumstances, I need not speak of them.

Darwin threw a glance at the problem.

If (he wrote) it has taken centuries and thousands of years to improve or modify most of our plants up to their present standard of usefulness to man, we can understand how it is that neither Australia nor the Cape of Good Hope nor any other region inhabited by quite uncivilised man has afforded us a single plant worth culture. It is not that these countries, so rich in species, do not, by a strange chance, possess the aboriginal stocks of any useful plant, but that the native plants have not been improved by continued selection up to a standard of perfection comparable with that acquired by the plants in countries anciently civilised.

It follows that our colonists ought to have begun the process of improving those useful weeds, neglected by the savages, as quickly as possible, to make up for lost time, but I am not aware that an attempt has been made. Competent persons would not be daunted

by the prospect of labour for 'centuries and thousands of years.' In the art of improving plants, as in other matters, we have learned to economise time and trouble.

All our familiar fruits have been cultivated for ages unknown. One commonly hears it said that the apple is 'derived' from the crab, the pear from the native species, even sometimes the plum from the sloe. It is untrue; each took its origin from a wild variety, no doubt, but all were brought to this country by the Romans. We fancy in general that the Romans had only one kind of each. As a matter of fact, Pliny described twenty different apples, and his words suggest that there were many more. Some which he names have been identified with sorts which were cherished until superseded in our own generation, and even yet may be found in old gardens. So slow was the improvement from Roman times to the present day. But some are quite lost. A 'coreless' species has been widely advertised of late; it was a fraud, but apparently the Romans had such a marvel, which they called Spadonium, distinguished by the absence of pips. And the process of making or importing new varieties still went on in Pliny's time, for he enumerates the Petisian, of 'delightful flavour,' the Amerinian, approved for keeping, and the fashionable 'Little Greek,' among those which had been lately introduced. Six kinds of peach were grown, twenty of plum, nine of cherry, eight even of chestnut. All these came from the East—from Persia, Pontus, and Syria respectively. But they arrived full-blown, as it were. Roman skill made new forms possibly, but the originals were excellent. No one supposes that they were 'natural.' Accads or Sumirs may have brought the wild species to perfection before history begins. Perhaps the Cuneiform scholars will find some evidence on this point. Or they may have been a result of the botanical zeal which distinguished so many of the Assyrian kings. Scores of inscriptions tell how one or other of them brought trees and plants 'which the kings my fathers knew not,' from a conquered realm, and set them in the gardens of Assyria. Professor Sayce believes that there were regular 'botanical gardens' at Nineveh. Asiatics are so fond of fruit that we may be sure the culture was not neglected. One motive that urged Xerxes to the invasion of Greece was the excellence of Attic figs, according to tradition. It is assured at least that long ages of care and intelligent hybridisation were necessary before any of our familiar fruits became so good as they were when the Romans brought them to Europe;

and the work must have been perfected, so far as our knowledge yet goes, in Mesopotamia or Persia.

Cherries deserve special notice because it is still asserted in schoolbooks that they were introduced to this country by the 'fruiterer' or greengrocer of Henry VIII.; also that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. It is a surprising error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they, and so highly esteemed, that the time for gathering them became a recognised festival—'Cherry fair' or 'feast.' And this grew into a proverbial expression for fleeting joys. Gower says the Friars taught that 'life is but a cherye-fayre,' and Hope 'endureth but a throwe, right as it were a cherye-feste.' There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the King's garden at Westminster, centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable, as if in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 680 A.U.C.), he adds that in the course of a hundred and twenty years they have spread widely, 'even passing over sea to Britain.'

It is humiliating to think how little we have added to the list which unknown Orientals bequeathed to us in the dawn of history. This does not strike people who suppose that our fruits are improved from the wild native species, or, somewhat less ill-informed, fancy that plums and peaches and the rest were wild species when brought from Asia. But I must beware of misapprehension. It is not to be said that all our fruits came from the East, nor even that the Romans introduced them all. There is no evidence that strawberries were cultivated in antiquity; neither Pliny nor Columella mentions them. It seems strange, for we may feel sure that the delicious little wildling was appreciated then as in Italy now; but the hereditary learning and acumen of the De Candolles have not discovered any reference. Currants almost certainly were unknown. One might suppose that they at least descended from the wild plants common throughout North Europe. But so late as the sixteenth century currants were described as 'over-sea gooseberries,' having no name of their own. It is curious that in France they are called 'groseilles' to this day, making no distinction between them and gooseberries. When it is necessary to be precise the latter may be styled '*à maquereau*.' But in old French the former were '*groseilles d'outremer*,' just as in old English. The conclusion is inevitable: at some time, not very

distant, currants were brought to the West from a foreign land—somewhere. They have 'run wild' now. Gooseberries could not be expected in Rome, for they are of very small account in Italy at the present day. The gooseberry loves cold.

To resume. We have discovered countries innumerable and a new world besides; we are familiar with the inmost recesses of lands which the ancients scarcely knew by name. But how many new fruits have been acquired for Europe? The answer strictly would be 'none'; but even if we include those which are eaten in the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and might be introduced, the list is very short. And these are wildlings still—nothing serious has been done to improve any of them. So their flavour, though pleasant, wants finish, and very few are served when 'there is company.' Even the tropical fruits owe nothing to our science; the delicious forms we recognise are as truly products of cultivation as the apple. Who did the work? No man knows, but certainly it was not Europeans. Portuguese, Spaniard, Dutch, and English found them as they are now. The mango, indeed, has undergone a wondrous change in the last hundred years, and the improved varieties have been distributed so fast and so far that they promise to be universal shortly. But for this happy result no credit is due to our skill or scientific enterprise. It was not British gardeners who made the improvement.

Dr. Beccari ranks among the highest scientific authorities for the products of the Far East, and in many years of travel he explored the countries most important for our theme. In his admirable record of 'Wanderings in the Great Forests of Borneo' he states positively: 'The native land of the mangosteen is unknown.' Several wild species of *Garcinia* are found in Borneo, some with edible fruits; but none of these appear to be the original of the cultivated form. So with the Durien—a case still more remarkable; in fact, it is well to quote Dr. Beccari's words: 'This tree also is only known as a cultivated species. As with the mangosteen, various wild species very nearly akin grow in the Malay Peninsula and Borneo, so it must belong to the flora of those regions.' But no more can be said. Text-books give the Malay Peninsula as the original habitat of both, but, says Dr. Beccari, 'the assertion is made without proof'; and he denies, with the force of his unequalled experience, that any proof has yet been found. At the same time there is no doubt that the ancestral form of both existed in Malaysia (perhaps in regions now sub-

merged), unless they have been cultivated through such a vast series of generations that the original cannot be identified, as in the case of wheat. 'Plants that have been so long cared for by men cannot hold their own in the struggle for existence now, without his protection,' against the destructive agents always watching to assail them. 'Duriens left to their own resources'—that is, run wild—'have very little chance of reproducing themselves.' The strong smell betrays them. All arboreal animals, monkeys in especial, and birds, attack the fruit above, pigs below. Very few seeds escape.

The betel-nut palm (*Areca Catechu*) supplies an instance even more perplexing of the same conditions. It also is a cultivated form doubtless—so widely dispersed at the present day that one could scarcely find a hut ten years old, through all the vast regions known as the Far East, which is not encompassed by this loveliest of palms. But no wild species can be identified from which it might have been deduced, nor are any wild examples found—a fact inexplicable when we recall that no beast devours the fallen nuts; only for human beings has *Areca Catechu* any attraction.

I am not aware that the descent of the banana from existing species has been questioned, but the disappearance of the seed-nut, which in the wild forms occupies most of the fruit, is evidence to the vast space of time that must have elapsed since man undertook to improve it. Here also probably it was gardeners of Malaysia or Cochin China who did the work. There are no bananas like those; Malays reckon forty kinds, and in the Philippines are seventeen more, specially famous. Some years ago the authorities of Kew, always seeking for an opportunity to benefit mankind, distributed a score of the best Far Eastern varieties among the West Indian islands. Results cannot yet be expected, but there is no visible reason to doubt that the *Pisang mas* itself would flourish in the West Indies, though Malays believe that neither this nor the *Pisang ambon*, not less delicious, as some think, will live, or will fruit, beyond a certain distance from the Straits. And Europeans accept the statement. The same story was told of the mangosteen when I travelled in those countries, 'ages ago,' and many recorded failures to acclimatise the tree seemed to confirm it. Those transported to Ceylon flourished certainly, but they had not fruited—or so we were told. In fact, however, the spell was broken ten years before, when the Duke of Devonshire sent a mangosteen to her Majesty, grown at Chatsworth. Another he

reserved for his own consumption, and these were the sole result of twenty years' anxious and expensive culture. It is said that the Duke even imported two Malay gardeners. But in his memoirs lately published Sir H. des Vœux tells how he presented a whole dish of mangosteens to the Queen in 1877, grown in the Botanic Gardens, Trinidad. Sir Henry expresses doubt whether it would succeed under ordinary conditions, but this may have been a lingering shadow of the old superstition. Mangosteens will soon be quite a common fruit in Dominica and Trinidad; so, probably, the finest of the Malay bananas will do as well as the rubbish which English people and Americans think so delicious.

While it was believed that such fruits as the mango, mangosteen, rambutan, and lancet owed little if anything to culture, we might rest and be thankful with an easy conscience. But since that comfortable ignorance has been dispelled, we should no longer shirk the obligation to carry improvement further. Europeans have occupied the East for centuries. For generations the Dutch have maintained botanic gardens which astonish and delight foreign savants. We rival, perhaps surpass them now, but we were very late in the field. On this matter of fruit, Dutch, English, French, and all other European governments in the East have been content with the results achieved by forgotten peoples in an unknown age. Who were the skilful gardeners who patiently transformed the wild species? Not any race existing, or, at least, ruling. Malays are not to be despised by any means as horticulturists, but they do not seem fitted for careful work; and, a final objection, they have not been established in those countries long enough. The operations were complete, doubtless, before the Orang Malayu sallied from their home in Sumatra. Possibly our debt is owing to the mysterious civilisation which built the 'Thousand Temples,' and so many other prodigies in Java, or to that, even more mysterious and more astonishing in its remains, which ruled from Siam to Cochin China.

But across the Atlantic, who transformed the wooden pinuela into the luscious pineapple, the small watery tuber which Darwin recognised with extreme difficulty into the potato? Who created maize?—for of this no wild ancestor has yet been suggested. Such aeons of time have passed since it was taken in hand that the present form does not guide us to the original. For this reason the inestimable service cannot be credited to the Incas, still less to the Aztecs—both came much too late. As in the Far East, however, so in Peru

and Central America, peoples of high civilisation flourished before history begins for us.

But I hear old residents ask, what remains for science to effect? The fruits named are perfect! So far as flavour goes that may be true—it would be rash to speak positively. But there is much room for improvement in another direction. One cannot enjoy a mango in public. Flakes must be cut from it with a knife or a spoon—the fibrous pulp does not come away readily, there is little of it, and the best remains behind, attached to the huge kernel. These are faults which certainly might be corrected; it is bravely alleged from time to time, even in serious periodicals, that they have been, but proof is still delayed. Nevertheless when the stone of a plum has been actually expelled and abolished it should not be difficult to reduce that of the mango. The stoneless plum is a Japanese achievement, though the honour has been assigned to Mr. Luther Burbank; but those ingenious gardeners could not have begun to work unless Nature had given them a ‘sport’ with which to commence operations. Wide and careful study of the mango might probably detect abnormal forms which would yield a similar opening. Some future generation may see a mango with smooth pulp, which will part easily from a kernel of moderate size. The peach has been disciplined in the same manner. In old gardens of South Africa one still finds a type introduced from Holland two centuries ago, called the ‘Cling-stone,’ a name which speaks for itself. The flesh will not be torn away; it has to be cut like an apple, or a mango. But fancy the universal rage for duriens if the foul stench of the rind could be dispelled! No fruit has such a fascination for those who like it—and they are the vast majority of human beings. All the same, even natives will not bring it indoors. White people belong to durien clubs, which gather at each member’s house in turn; thus the abominable nuisance is distributed. Evidently the process of eliminating this stench would be long and difficult; but since its nature is understood, and its cause strongly suspected, attempts would not be hopeless. And the durien will thrive in any damp climate of the Tropic Zone. No plantation would yield a better return if the produce could be exposed at Covent Garden without risk of forfeiture by the Sanitary Authorities.

But in either hemisphere there are many fruits, more or less desirable, which Europeans seldom taste. Of such, in Malay countries, are the tarippe, most excellent of bread-fruits; the jintawan, as large as a big pear, very pleasantly acid—the plant

is an indiarubber vine, and the flesh lies in a thick envelope of indiarubber. Also the bilimbing, mandarait, langsai, luing, rambi—the last grows in bunches like large, very sweet grapes. Not one of these is cultivated, I think, except the langsai, but all might become as renowned as the pineapple or the mangosteen. And cold storage has given Europe an interest in the matter.

But those named may be recognised when served at *chota hazri*, though unfamiliar; there are others, simply known as 'jungle fruit,' which the aborigines, or men working in the forest, chance to bring in. All of these are good and some exquisite, but if the delighted European wants more he will be rather lucky if more can be found. It is not easy to give an order even, for townspeople generally do not know the names. They are only 'jungle fruits' in the market. I still remember two occasions when a Dyak brought me a quantity of small white globules as I tramped past his field; they seemed to me heavenly food, but my Malays could not name them, nor could the Englishmen I asked recognise the description. I remember also sending a Jamaica boy to purchase some fruit in the market of San José de Costa Rica. He brought back five different species, all of the medlar class. They were eatable, perhaps one who likes medlars would have thought them excellent. But the landlord of the hotel could not put a name to any.

The number of 'jungle fruits' prized by natives but unknown to Europeans was well illustrated by Dr. Beccari's discovery of five new species of *Nephelium* in one village orchard. It was at the very end of his three years' sojourn in the forests of Borneo, but neither he nor any other savant had ever heard of one among them. All were excellent. Dr. Beccari also mentions a *Ficus* bearing 'great bunches of fine red fruit,' agreeably acid, the only one in that large genus which is not sweet. A new variety of *Garcinia*, named *Beccarii*, has 'acidulated pulp of extremely pleasant flavour, recalling that of the mangosteen'; an *Euphorbia*, *Elaterospermum Tapos*, is favoured by the Dyaks, who call it *Bua ruppi*.

In that country flourishes the Guango, *Pithecolobium Saman*, known to us as the Rain Tree. Its fruit has six or eight seeds embedded in a sweet pulp, which all human beings like, and some think exquisite. But we may hope to see the guango at Covent Garden in no long time, for it is widely grown at botanical stations now for distribution in arid tracts.

Captain Welby tells how he discovered a fruit 'new to all his people' in the country of Boma, behind Fashoda; the pulp was very like jam, 'a natural preserve, which came in handy for breakfast.' Then he found one, equally new, like an orange, 'but the inside was a mass of large pips covered with yellow pulp.' It proved to be quite eatable though wanting flavour. Both of these might repay cultivation in the gardens of Egypt. Who has tried the *Pithaya* cactus which Lumholdz describes in 'Unknown Mexico'? The fruit is as large as an egg, 'sweet, soft and nourishing'; natives have such a passion for it that when the *Pithaya* is ripe, servants will 'bolt' to enjoy the feast, if permission be refused. In Mexico also flourishes *Monstera deliciosa*, a fruit twelve to fourteen inches in length, said to be all its name implies.

In July 1906 the Director of Kew received leaves, fruit and seeds of a tree in Uruguay which the writer could not identify in the scientific sense. Its product, however, he described as 'extremely agreeable' with a perfume so delicate that it is 'unequaled.' Also it 'possesses such a remarkable digestive property that when the aborigines have over-indulged they eat freely of it and then sleep like babes, waking up next morning with a clear head and a wonderful appetite.' This useful treasure proves to be *Ponteria suavis*. Seeds have been sown at Bordighera, and, says the Kew Bulletin, 'under cultivation the fleshy part of the fruit may possibly be so increased as to make it acceptable to a circle outside the aborigines of Uruguay.'

I have travelled mostly in hot countries and my illustrations are drawn from them; indeed, valuable novelties can scarcely be expected from the Temperate Zone in any number. Those regions, for the most part, have been familiar to botanists, as to ordinary men, for centuries. But Japan is an exception. Precious novelties may be expected from that country—have already begun to arrive indeed, discovered by the enterprising nurserymen of America, who snap them up and keep the origin secret so far as may be. The stoneless plum I have mentioned—also there is the Cornell plum, fast superseding all others in the United States. The 'grape-fruit' has been exercising European savants a good deal lately. So long as it was regarded as a cool variety of the shaddock, which is a poor occidental descendant of the pomelo, there was nothing to rouse curiosity. But now it is recognised as distinct from both, and questions arise forthwith. Scientific opinion inclines to believe that the 'grape-fruit' is Chinese by origin, but probably carried

to the United States from Japan. China, too, is the home of the Kaki, which we know by the rough American name of persimmon, but the best forms of it are Japanese—apparently. European taste does not go further than 'all very well' in criticising this fruit, but the reason is that we eat it much too fresh. The rind should be quite withered and the flesh soft enough to be easily taken up with a spoon, like jam, before kaki is in fit condition. More than a hundred varieties are esteemed in Japan, and Professor Sargent thinks that some of the best would be hardy in sheltered places even in the North of England. There is no fruit tree so beautiful, say the experts.

It seems likely also that the Navel or Washington orange, which is causing such a stir in America that plantations of all other sorts are being dug up as fast as plants of the new variety can be obtained, came from China or Japan; but Sir Herbert Præd tells me that it has been grown on his fruit-farm in California for a good many years, and the people are satisfied that it came from South America. It is worth noting that Dr. Henry, a high authority, found even the pomegranate delicious in some districts of China.

And the Metford lemon should have a word, if only for the romance of its discovery. In January 1896 Miss Laura Metford Badcock sent a fruit to Kew, asking what on earth it was. The authorities pronounced at sight—a common Pomelo—but before answering, they cut it open, and it proved to be a lemon, unmistakable, but almost as large and as round as a football! It was for them to ask questions now, but Miss Badcock could only reply that this extraordinary object had been growing and fruiting freely in the greenhouse near Taunton for a century. Tradition could tell no more. The original plant had lately died, but cuttings were obtained from an offset given to a friend, and now the great Metford lemon is safely established at Kew. The chances seem to be that it came from China in the beginning.

But Australasia has fruits deserving attention. In New Zealand white people eat the Tawhara. Their appreciation is not enthusiastic, expressed generally by the term 'not bad'; but that is much for settlers in a country where all the perfected fruits of the Old World can be enjoyed at a trifling cost. Moreover a Colonist questioned on the subject is pretty sure to add that the tawhara might be improved by cultivation. He will say the same probably of the Karaka berry. Matabeleland yields several fruits, some of them as yet unnamed. One seems to be the Maneko, which

delighted Livingstone, further to the north; about the size of a walnut, full of glutinous, woody fibre, described as 'really excellent.' Another, like an orange, reminds the traveller of roasted apples; a third 'makes quite a refreshing little repast'—this is the Zulu Inhlada, 'famine fruit,' because so many lives are saved by it in time of dearth. A fourth tastes like apples. The Marula seems to be especially promising. It resembles a greengage, with a large stone and scarcely any pulp, the place of which is filled with a sweet liquid, 'simply delicious.' The ordinary 'Kaffir plum' should repay an intelligent cultivator who, by selection and hybridisation, contrived to make it large enough to be appreciated. Sir Charles Eliot notes 'a very agreeable phenomenon of the moorland' in the Temperate region of East Africa—a kind of wild raspberry 'which grows in belts, about an inch long, deep yellow, tasting more like a mulberry than a raspberry.'¹

How many mortals even in South Africa, beyond the borders of the Kalihari desert, are acquainted with the Bododo? Perhaps this is the most striking instance of our neglect. Sixty years ago Chapman described the bododo in a published account as 'the most luscious fruit I ever tasted,' and again, 'almost too luscious for a white palate.' The few hunters and traders who visit that region give the same report. But there the matter rests.

All these fruits and many others will be taken in hand one day, I believe. Our great horticultural firms cannot easily be persuaded that it would be worth their while to undertake the enterprise. But almost every colony has a Botanical Garden now—not only a show place, as formerly. Authorities trained at Kew—which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff rightly described as an important branch of the Colonial Office—work ceaselessly to promote the interests of the cultures favoured in their district. I submit that the improvement of the native fruits would properly come within their sphere.

¹ Matokaland, north-east of Uganda, is described in Major Gibbon's careful survey as a country 'in which very palatable wild fruits grow,' as the m'huluhulu, large, with a shell enclosing many stones enclosed in 'quite refreshing, pleasantly flavoured flesh'; another the size of a peach, 'with dry brown flesh.'

FREDERICK BOYLE.

THE BURNT CREEK COACH.

'You'd better come up and have a week amongst the quail,' wrote my friend Bob Stevens. 'Besides,' he went on, 'I'd like you to inspect my new property here and tell me what you think of it. I can't promise you very great sport, perhaps—the summer has been too dry, and there's not a great deal of grass left on the plains—but it's a nice bit of country, and there certainly *are* a few birds here and there.'

I was down from the back-blocks of New South Wales, where we had been fighting a rather more than normal drought, and now that there was at least a partial break in the dry weather and rain had fallen, I had fled to Melbourne to recruit and to see a bit of the Autumn Racing. Stevens, more lucky, or better guided than I, had invested his money in 'the Nulla,' a good property further from droughts, and nearer to civilisation, than the arid spot where for so long I had daily watched a brazen sun glare pitilessly from brassy sky on a land ghastly with the bones of perishing flocks and herds. The thought of once again tramping over plains knee-deep in grass was too pleasant to be resisted by one to whose eyes grass had long been a stranger, and I lost no time in accepting Stevens' invitation.

It was a typical Australian autumn morning when I left Melbourne, cool, crisp and clear, a morning when even a city looked beautiful, and a journey by rail was no longer the purgatory it had been during the summer weather.

Following Stevens' instructions, I got out of the train at a small roadside station, where I was to join the Murragunnia coach, by which it was my fate to travel for another twenty miles across the ranges, at the far side of which Stevens had promised to pick me up. There, sure enough, outside the station yard stood a thing that called itself 'a coach'—a shabby, dilapidated vehicle hung on leather springs, and bearing on its side a battered tin plate on which in yellowy white, weak-backed letters, appeared the legend: 'H.M. Mails.' Not a very inviting craft on which to embark, perhaps, and unless the four lean, ill-groomed, staring-coated 'garrons' that formed the team were better than they

looked, one by which the twenty-mile journey promised to be more tedious than exciting. However, there was no choice ; it was no worse, and no worse horsed, than the average Australian up-country coach away from the main routes ; and if I could but get the box seat, at least I should see a country-side that was new to me. If the worst came to the worst, one could 'yarn' with the driver—there's always something to be picked up from the driver of a coach if you go the right way about it, especially if you can talk horses and racing, in both of which subjects I was capable of passing a stiff examination.

'Yes, it was the Murragunnia coach,' listlessly said a big-bearded, sun-burned man who slouched, elbow on knee, on the driver's seat, holding loosely in a huge brown paw the reins of his despondent-looking team ; and I might 'stow my swag in the rack' at the tail of the coach. Being used to the independent ways of the free-born Australian, I had no difficulty in securely disposing of my gun-case and kit-bag—the man who depends on others to do such jobs for him had best keep away from the Bush—and having lit my pipe, I swung myself up beside the driver. Mail-bags were chucked on board, a parcel or two shoved into the boot, then with a crack of the whip and a throaty 'Grr-rup, Horses !' from the driver, we started.

Besides myself, there was no other passenger ; and as we rumbled, jolting, through the straggling street of the raw little railway township, I took stock of my companion—a man nearing middle age, grey hairs flecking a beard already white at the angle of the jaw, and an absent far-away look in his eye that did not give promise of one inclined to yarn, or from whom one might expect to get much information. Silent, indeed, I found him, silent even to taciturnity. On no subject could I draw from him more than a gruff monosyllable, and that only after a pause of seconds between question and answer. Racing had no charms for him, nor had gold-mining ; the wiping out of the Russian fleet by the Japanese interested him not ; to the question of superiority of English over Australian cricket he did not rise ; the subject of quail-shooting was to him but as dust and ashes ; and of the drought he took no thought—it had not come his way. Even the proffer of baccy was declined, with the curtest of thanks. But with a scarcely veiled glance of contempt at my expensive, cut-up, delicate-flavoured mixture, that almost for a time embittered the pipe I was smoking, he produced from his waistcoat pocket a fear-

some-looking black plug, from which (after refusing by a gesture my offer to hold the reins) he proceeded with an old clasp knife to cut chunks of no ordinary thickness. Having with a ponderous left thumb worked these up in the palm of his right hand, he jammed the load hard into the bowl of a short, black, foul-looking pipe, struck a match on the guard rail of the box seat, and with one horny hand dexterously sheltering the flame from the fresh breeze, began to pour forth a cloud of tobacco smoke the densest and most acrid that Fate had ever condemned me to sit to leeward of.

Thus effectually was an end put to my efforts at conversation. There was nothing to be done here, and I leant back in my seat as far away as possible from his pungent fumes, resigning myself to silent contemplation of the country. Yellow enough and burnt up it looked after the long summer, but as we got away from the plains and amongst the sparse scrub where plain merged on rolling foot hills, in the hollows and sheltered spots you could see the warm earth putting forth already a flush of tender green after the recent heavy rain; whilst at every farm that we had passed, the bare, brown earth, of late so baked and dry, was being broken up by the busy plough.

The first half-dozen miles of our journey had been across monotonously flat, well cultivated plain; but now, by little and little, cultivation began to drop behind us, and from the summit of some stiff climb we would drop quickly into cool depth of fern-tree gully, where water tinkled musically over moss-grown stones in the bed of the tiny creek. There is probably no man altogether incapable of finding music in the sound of running water. But to have an ear properly attuned to hear and to realise its full beauty, he must have lain long in lands parched and destitute of streams, must have known the grip of cruel, over-mastering, relentless drought. To me, so lately a helpless struggler in the bondage of untoward seasons, as we toiled up some steep pinch the merry glee of the little streams was as music from Heaven itself, and as my ears drank in its sweetness, the strain of the last two years fell from me like the burden of sin, and life again took on new beauty.

Up and down we laboured and plunged, again, and over again repeating the process, ever gradually creeping to higher elevation. Now, scrub and heavy timber grew more dense, and closed in on a track that twined and wound in and out between stumps and logs of trees felled long since when the track was by way of being

'cleared'; here and there gaunt limbs of gums still standing swept downwards almost to the level of our heads, and everywhere was the pleasant scent of the Bush.

The sun had already set whilst the coach slowly breasted a long, steep hill. As we topped the summit, vivid after-glow shone in our faces, bathing all nature in its ruddy light, covering, as with a blush at their naked deformity, the bare, distorted, white arms, held up as in agony to stony-hearted heaven, of a mass of ring-barked, long-dead trees on our right.

Now the road dipped suddenly to a creek larger than the others, bent to the left, and quickly climbed another steep pinch. The creek, small in volume of water but deep and rugged of bank, was bridged by a primitive wooden culvert without handrail, but with, as substitute, a chain festooned from post to post. Below the culvert, almost hiding the little stream's rocky bed, clustered dense growth of bramble and wild sarsaparilla.

As we thundered across the rude bridge at a hand-gallop preparatory to breasting the opposite rise, of a sudden the team swerved violently, our near-side wheels jarred angrily against the culvert chain, for a brief second hanging almost 'twixt heaven and earth, and at the same instant a cyclist, coming from the opposite direction, ashen of face and with wild, startled eyes, shot past us with a desperate lurch that barely cleared the off-side wheeler. Whilst the driver with a curse pulled his plunging, terrified horses together and set them sharply at the hill, I am not ashamed to own that involuntarily I had gripped the seat rail, believing for a moment that we were over the edge of the culvert; but I turned round almost immediately, my heart still in my mouth, to see what had become of the idiot who had so nearly brought us to grief. There was no trace of him anywhere to be seen, and I concluded that he must have dismounted and sat down by the roadside to recover from the tremor caused by his narrow escape.

'By George! a close shave,' I gasped. 'The fool almost cut us in two. He *must* have seen us; yet he never even rang his bell.'

The driver steadied his team up the rise, and for a moment made no reply. Then:

'Did ye see it, Boss?' he asked.

'See!' I almost shouted—for my nerves, I admit, were a bit ruffled—'see? Of course I saw. The ass was very nearly taking his last ride. And we ours, I think.'

Twice after this, at intervals, my taciturn friend harked back to his old question: 'Ye seed it, did ye?' And there was in the man's face a distinct look of satisfaction each time I replied in the affirmative—the only approach to a relaxing of his hard features that I noticed during our journey.

A few miles further on we pulled up alongside the Murragunnia Post Office, where Stevens, in his smart buggy and pair of bays, greeted me with 'Here you are, old chap!' and the driver, with a cheery 'Good-day, Ned!'

My friend and I made no delay in Murragunnia, but quickly rattled over the remaining six or seven miles to the Nulla, where I was in good trim to do solid justice to a most excellent supper—roast quail and salad, and a bottle which creamed seductively as it flowed into the glasses.

It is needless to say much of our week amongst the quail—the sport was neither very good nor yet very bad, but at the end of my stay Stevens drove me over to Murragunnia to catch the morning coach, which was timed to reach its destination so as to meet the express from Sydney to Melbourne. This time Ned was not on the box, his seat being taken by a reddish-haired, freckled individual, who answered to the name of Tim, and who seemed to be the butt of a knot of loiterers who hung about to see the coach start. There was but one other passenger, a stoutly built farmer, who got up between me and the driver just before we started. A parting shout of 'Mind you don't run over the bicycle,' from one of the loafers, drew from Tim a volume of abuse that was almost encyclopædic in its comprehensiveness, and from his subsequent conversation with the farmer I gathered that for some reason this was a very sore subject with Tim. Ned being laid up with acute lumbago, Tim, to his own infinite disgust, had been temporarily promoted to the driver's place, and he explained to us that on each of his journeys from the railway station to Murragunnia his team had all but taken him over the Burnt Creek Bridge. Ned, he said, had warned him of a cyclist who frightened the horses just at the bridge, and Tim averred that each evening the man had 'popped up from nowhere, like,' and had flashed past under the very noses of the horses, and that by the time he had got his team thoroughly in hand the cyclist was always out of sight. The scared state of the horses was more than he could understand, and not to please anyone, he vowed with many lurid words, would he drive that coach one day after his week was out; no power

on earth would force him to take the reins on that road ever again.

We crossed the culvert this time without misadventure of any sort, and I noted the dusky purple and golden mass of autumn-tinted brambles lying far below in the bed of the creek, that bed where we so nearly had slept our last sleep. The train was duly joined, and by 2 P.M. I was reading my English mail over a belated lunch in Melbourne.

The following Monday morning, as I picked up the morning paper before breakfast, my eye was caught by this heading: 'Accident to the Murragunnia coach. Driver and horses killed. Gruesome discovery.'

The account of the accident given by a surviving passenger was to the effect that as the coach crossed the Burnt Creek Bridge on the Saturday evening, owing to a violent swerve of the leaders vehicle and team had toppled over into the creek. The horses and Tim, the driver, were killed on the spot; one passenger was dangerously hurt, but the other, though damaged, had been able to seek help from a neighbouring farm. Near to the dead driver, where he lay in the bed of the shrunken creek, the relief party found a rusty bicycle half hidden in the brambles, and, doubled over a boulder, a few feet distant, all that the ants had left of what had once been a man—now little more than a skeleton clad in shirt, coat, and moleskin trousers.

At the inquest, in the case of the body with the bicycle an open verdict was returned. The bicycle had been sold by a local dealer to a miner nearly a year previously, but the name of the purchaser was not known. A mining camp had been in existence for some months a few miles from the bridge, and it was supposed that the body had been that of a prospector who had worked there. Nothing was brought forward that could throw light on the circumstances which led to his death.

Though the medical evidence proved that the man had been dead for months, there are some, myself amongst the number, who fancy that they saw him travelling at great speed only a day or two before his body was found. And it is a curious fact that never again after this was Ned disturbed in his evening drives by the sudden appearance of a cyclist.

With regard to Tim, the following sentence concluded the newspaper paragraph: 'The sad event has cast quite a gloom over the township of Murragunnia, and the fact that Mr. Tim Regan had

arranged to give up driving the coach after that evening adds poignancy to the sorrow of his many friends.'

Again, a year later, I crossed the Burnt Creek, now no longer spanned as of old by a dangerous culvert; and as the hoofs rang hollow on the new bridge's substantial decking, I glanced ahead, not free from apprehension that coming round the corner I should once more see the staring black eyes and terror-stricken face of one risen from the dead. But he and poor Tim now rest in peace, near neighbours in the lonely little graveyard at Murragunnia.

JOHN LANG.

*THE WAR-JOURNALS
OF 'GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.'*

PART II.—SICILY AND NAPLES, 1860.

IN the January number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE there appeared selections from the war-journals of John Whitehead Peard, commonly called 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' telling of what he saw during the campaign in the Alps of 1859. It is proposed in this article to continue the story, and to lay before the reader the precise daily record of what befell him in the famous Sicilian expedition of 1860, the culminating point of Garibaldi's fame and fortune. The events in which Peard took a part in that year are more world-renowned and more romantic than those of which he was a witness in 1859; on the other hand, for 1860 we have only Peard's pocket-book, not the more elaborate 'narrative' which he composed of the events of the previous year. The notes which he jotted in his pocket-book in 1860 are necessarily deficient in the quality of literary construction, but they are sufficiently detailed to convey a strong impression of the general atmosphere of that legendary campaign. As an historical document they have some value, for they were written on the spot without reserve or ulterior object, not to persuade, edify, or even to amuse posterity, but merely to provide for the recalling of incidents and scenes to the writer's mind in years to come. In glancing through these pages the indolent reader of magazines may find a brief post-prandial satisfaction, while students of the *Risorgimento* history will take note of a new first-hand narrative of the sailing of Medici's expedition, of the battle of Milazzo, and of Ghio's surrender on August 30. The important part played by Peard in bringing about the latter event is characteristic of the fantastic advance on Naples, and so, too, is the story of how Peard assumed the part of Garibaldi and sent the famous telegrams from Eboli. These adventures of his were told to the world half a century ago by his friend Captain C. S. Forbes,¹

¹ *Campaign of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies.* By C. S. Forbes, Commander R.N. 1861.

but this is the first time that his own account of them has been printed.

Peard was not one of the 'Thousand,' who sailed with Garibaldi on the night of May 5-6 from Quarto, near Genoa, who landed at Marsala on May 11, defeated Landi at Calatafimi on May 15, burst into Palermo on May 27, and, after three days' fighting in the streets of the capital, with the aid of the Sicilian populace, forced 24,000 Neapolitan regulars to capitulate and to return to Naples in their own ships. It was only at the beginning of June that Peard, who had been lingering in Italy ever since the Alpine campaign of the previous spring, sailed from Genoa with the second (Medici's) expedition, to join his old chief amid the barricades and ruins of newly liberated Palermo. It will be remembered that Genoa, whence Medici's expedition sailed, was a port of Piedmont, a State whose rulers, Victor Emmanuel and his minister Cavour, were still nominally on terms of friendship with the King of the Two Sicilies, and were still forced by the hostility of all the Great Powers except England to keep up official appearances while they winked at the departure of the volunteers. The voyage is described as follows by Peard :

'June 9.—Last night at 1 A.M. the first part of our expedition sailed for Sicily. An American ship had been taken up, on board which 1200 men were embarked under command of Corte,¹ and towed by the *Utile*. This morning I received notice to be ready for the evening. After getting a few stores, Salami, biscuit, &c., pulled off with De Rohan, the U.S. Consul and some few others. Three steamers had been bought at Marseilles for the expedition, and the sale was nominally to De Rohan. The names were changed to the *Washington*, *Franklin*, and *Oregon*. On board the latter a battalion was embarked under Major Calalesi. The *Franklin*, commanded by Oregoni, was sent to Livorno to take on board 800 ready at that port. Reaching the *Washington*, in which we were to go, we found lighters alongside passing cases of arms, clothing, &c., on board. About 9.0 the Consul went on shore, having previously hoisted the American flag. We hauled out of the tier and continued our loading till nearly midnight. Oregoni left at 10, for Livorno. At midnight we steamed out of the harbour [viz. of Genoa] and brought up at (*hiatus*) to the W. of Sanpierrezena, where the men were to embark. Here the *Oregon* in a most lubberly way ran into us, and might have occasioned great damage. Our captain saw what was about to happen and ordered the engineer

¹ Peard calls him *Corti*, but it was really Clemente *Corte* who commanded this part of the expedition.

to go ahead, so the other only caught us on the counter; fortunately the damage was of no consequence. We have Medici with upwards of 1200 including officers on board.

'10th, 4 A.M.—We were off and steered for Cape Corso. The weather magnificent. Water luckily quite smooth but the heat excessive. Notwithstanding the numbers on board there was great order, and although the serving out provisions was not well managed, the people were apparently contented. The sleeping accommodation was insufficient for the numbers of officers, and no sooner did anyone turn out than there was a rush to occupy the vacant berth. . . .

'[June] 12, 6.30.—Anchored off Cagliari.¹ The approach from the E. is very picturesque; the coast close to the sea is flat, backed by a high ridge of hills. Masses of rock on which are forts rise like islands, and at a little distance have that appearance. Cagliari is built on one of these isolated masses and seems a pretty place, but at present it is very unhealthy, and we were not allowed to land. Boats crowded off with fruit and vegetables; some of them had wine and spirits concealed on board, and I was sent in a launch to row guard to prevent the men getting the spirits on board. We got a brig alongside and turned the bulk of the people on board, and then washed the decks, which were as filthy as London streets in November. Part of the men had their clothes served out, a pair of canvas trousers, a blue blouse² with red facings, forage cap, great coat, &c. Their old clothes were quickly passed over to the boatmen in exchange for oranges, lemons, cigars, &c. In the evening Oregoni arrived with the *Franklin* from Livorno—the heat very great.

'13th.—My company formed (Pavia 2^{da} Compⁿia), mostly composed of students, some of them not above sixteen. Drew their clothes. A young French midddy who had come to join us was put on board a boat with an American sailor as his *aide* to stop the grog boats. They boarded one with *absinthe* on board, and the people drew their knives. Ours had been foolishly sent without arms—fortunately they were neither hurt.

'14th.—There has been a regular hunt by the people of Cagliari for their sons who have run away to join the expedition. There was quite a scene when one mother got hold of her stray sheep. He was the only one left; the other brother fell last year in Lombardy. . . .

'We found that the post steamer which was to have taken important letters to Palermo had been detained by the

¹ Sardinian port, to the south-east of the island; of chief importance during the Sicilian crisis of May-July 1860, as being the Piedmontese naval base nearest to Palermo. By strict international law Medici's expedition should have been arrested by the authorities of this port.

² Many, but not all, of the Garibaldian regiments of 1860 wore the red shirt.

Governor.¹ De Rohan was sent on shore to him. At first there seemed some hesitation about his being admitted, but the American was not to be done. He walked in and insisted on the great man being sent for. After some few words he said, "Are you an Italian in heart or only in name?" and then, advancing towards him and pointing to a couple of decorations he wore, added, "Those decorations you wear have been given you by your country; will you now in return betray her interests and disgrace those ribbons you have received from her?" The Governor jumped off his chair as if he feared he was going to be eaten, but, when he found De Rohan had no such cannibal intention, recovered himself, and at length gave his word she should leave as soon as her steam was up, and he kept his promise. A council of war was held, of which one of those present gave a most humorous description. Two or three of those present who were as pompous as they were ignorant made most absurd speeches. *Domando la parola*, says one, and then begins; after a few sentences another stops him with a *col permesso*; then both would talk together till the patience of the Colonel became exhausted. "*Uno alla volta, per Dio, Signori!*" (One at a time, gentlemen!)

'16th.—At 1 P.M. sailed from Cagliari. The *Franklin* and *Oregon* had sailed two or three hours previous. At 3.30 passed Cap Carbonaro,² running between it and an island of granite formation, on which is a lighthouse. The channel has not less than seventeen fathoms. One of the officers of the steamer called my attention to the fact, and said it showed the *talent* of the commander. I told him I could have done the same as the chart was good. We soon overtook the other steamers, and steamed on in company for Sicily.

'17th.—5 A.M. made Maritimo.³ Now our anxious time began. De Rohan applied to the Colonel for me to be his *aide*; we kept a bright look-out, for we every moment expected to fall in with the enemy's cruisers. I was on the foretop for some time. Shortly after 8 a steamer was seen bearing east. As we approached we hoisted our colours and the other two closed. At length she showed Sardinian colours, which we answered with the same at the fore. 9.30 she ran alongside and the commander came on board. When he left we put on all steam and steamed for Cape S. Vito. It was hazy, so we did not make the coast of Italy [Sicily] till the afternoon. The *Sardinian* went ahead to look out and see if the Gulf of Castellamare was free.⁴ The appearance of the Sicilian coast is magnificent.'

¹ The Piedmontese Governor of Cagliari.

² In Sardinia, east of Cagliari.

³ An island off north-west coast of Sicily.

⁴ Here we have a case of a Piedmontese war vessel escorting the Garibaldians; whether she would have fought to protect them if the Neapolitans had attacked,

Then followed the landing at Castellamare, a town twenty-five miles to the west of Palermo; Medici had been ordered by Garibaldi to land at that spot, as it was less closely watched by the Neapolitan cruisers than the harbour of the capital.

'[June 17].—The sun set gloriously and we ran in for Castellamare, the *Franklin* and *Oregon* considerably astern. At 10 brought up close to the town, and immediately commenced landing the men and stores, boats being ready by the General's orders. I slept on board and landed at a little after 5 A.M.

'18th.—The town of Castellamare is poor, though of considerable size, but the situation is very fine. The mountain ridge which ends at S. Vito hangs over the town to the west, in fact the whole gulf is surrounded with mountains, those on the south falling back, leaving an undulating country up to Alcamo. Got mules and rode for that place with Major Ordödy. There is no road for wheels. The first part of the track is through vineyards and olive grounds, with great quantity of *Ficus indicus* and *Agave americana*. It then descends to a stream which passes through a ravine; fording this we rose the steep bank on the opposite side and got among cornfields which covered the country in all directions. The people had begun the harvest. At one place they brought their wine barrel and we drank to Italy and Garibaldi. The views magnificent. Reached Alcamo about noon, and had a cordial reception from the Governor, Barone Santa Anna. He gave us an excellent dinner. Just as it was ready the General¹ arrived and we immediately went to see him. I kissed his hand in Italian fashion when I entered his room.² "No," said he, "kiss me," so we had a regular embrace, much to the admiration of the Governor's family and the bystanders, who considered me a person of great consequence to be so received; so they told some friends afterwards. Garibaldi looks much younger than he did last year. Near Alcamo at Calatafimi was the scene of his first battle with the Neapolitans, but it is to the west, so we did not see the battlefield. The General desired the Marios³ and me to take his carriage back to Palermo, as he intended returning by sea. . . . We passed through the town of Borgetto, beautifully

who shall say? The first expedition, consisting of Garibaldi and his 'Thousand,' a month before this of Medici's, was *not* thus escorted by the Piedmontese fleet, which had in fact orders to arrest them if they put into a Sardinian port. (*Persano, Diario*, pp. 17-20.)

¹ 'The General' (*il Generale*) is the name by which Garibaldians, English and Italian, most usually spoke of their chief, under all circumstances and in all places; the survivors do so still.

² Garibaldi, as Dictator of Sicily, this very month abolished the custom of kissing the hand, as slavish and derogatory to the dignity of man.

³ Alberto and 'Jessie White' Mario, the well-known English lady, who died quite recently.

placed on the mountain side. Now it began to get dark, but by the bright starlight we could see that the scenery was very grand. Crowds were collected along the road to see the General, whose return they expected. At Monreale, four miles from Palermo, we began to get evidences of the devastations of the enemy, noble villas and houses being mere piles of ruins; they had pillaged and burnt in all directions. We had to make the circuit of half the city, as all the gates but that towards the sea were barricaded. Got rooms at the Trinacria, which overlooks the sea. Just after our arrival at 12 P.M. we were alarmed by hearing and seeing heavy firing in the offing, and feared the General had been discovered by the enemy, but it proved to be the *Amphion* at night quarters,¹ and we afterwards found that he had returned by land, as he in vain attempted to get boatmen good enough to row round. He got impatient and took an oar himself, but was at last obliged to give the thing up. All the streets of Palermo were illuminated as if for a *fête*, the inhabitants being obliged to show lights to prevent anything like a surprise.

'19th.—Went to the Palazzo to see the General; whilst there, a procession was formed to go to the citadel to receive it from the Neapolitans, the last detachment of whom were to embark at 11; and to receive the hostages who had been placed in their hands as a guarantee that the armistice should be faithfully observed by our troops. As soon as the last had embarked we returned to the Palace; the streets were thronged and bands of music stationed at different points along the line. The balconies were full of people. The General was quite overcome when he addressed the liberated hostages, and was obliged to pause once or twice during his short speech from emotion. Then their mothers and sisters came forward to thank him. The wreck in the city from the bombardment is dreadful, the Toledo, the main street, in places blocked up with fallen houses, in other parts the devastation is greater, but is not seen unless one goes expressly to visit the ruins. In one place the enemy drove a great number into a house and then set it on fire, bayoneting those who attempted to escape from the flames. Their conduct was that of wild savages. They plundered wherever they could and then set fire to the houses. It is wonderful the city was not entirely destroyed; nothing but the solidity of the masonry prevented its being burnt to the ground. It was a great pity the Neapolitans were allowed to carry off their arms and stores, but the General wisely granted their terms, not having above 600

¹ H.M.S. *Amphion*. The panic thus caused in Palermo, during the absence of Garibaldi, by the English fleet practising at midnight is elsewhere described by a French journalist, Durand-Brager, who thought it highly characteristic of the English fleet to think so much more about its own efficiency than about other people's nerves.

men who were really good, and not a dozen rounds of ammunition per man left, whilst the enemy were 20,000. What he has done is a miracle. With the corps is a monk¹ who, like Ugo Bassi, is an enthusiast in the cause. I was in the carriage with him in the procession from the citadel; he was apparently known to everyone and vociferously cheered.

'20th.—The people this morning pulled down the last of the statues of the Bourbon dynasty. They had for some days had Bomba's head in a small cart, with which they traversed the streets, *rope's-ending* it. I saw the fall of the last. Some 200 people passed a rope round it and then swayed away; the rope broke and they bent it on again two or three times; at length down it came with an awful crash. . . .

'[June 21.]—The people are working like a swarm of bees on the demolition of the *Castello a mare*. It is a picturesque site [sight?]. While I was there the last timbers of a mortar platform were wrenched up, and they began dancing and singing like a troop of wild Indians. Monks, priests,² and civilians apparently of every grade were busy in the work. When a larger piece of masonry than usual falls the cheers are tremendous. All the neighbourhood was crowded with lookers-on.'

Amid such revolutionary sights and sounds, while the Sicilians pulled down the castle and the statues, Garibaldi organised the volunteers who were pouring in from North Italy. The strongest body of them, under Medici, was sent out eastward, along the north coast towards Milazzo and Messina. Peard accompanied this advance.

'[July 5.]—Arrived at Patti we found an execrable *locanda* (inn), but just as we had washed and dressed, some of the National Guard arrived and invited us to go to the house of one of the inhabitants, where we were lodged magnificently. The road along the coast from Messina to Palermo was commenced in 1829, and is not yet completed! The Government have drawn from Sicily for its construction 36,000,000 oz., = 18,000,000*l.*³; enough to have made the road ten times over; for it is for the whole distance nearly a dead level, and except the beds of a few watercourses, which are dry in summer, no bridges would be required; but this is, like all their other dealings with Sicily, to draw the greatest possible amount of money from the island, and do nothing in return. It is literally without roads. There is one in the centre

¹ Pantaleone.

² In Sicily the Church was much more favourable to the Revolution than on the mainland.

³ 1 onza = 12 lire

of the island from Catania to Palermo, I am told; and another, part of the way along the south coast. At Termini is a road leading from the town towards Caccamo; it goes about two miles, but is not *rotabile* all the way. I asked about it and was informed it was commenced in 1808, during the British occupation, and had never been carried out by the Government, though they have drawn enough money for it from the district to make a road round the island.¹ Spent the 6th at Patti, the heat 80° in our rooms.' . . .

The decisive events of the next three weeks, turning on the struggle for Milazzo, decided the fate of the eastern half of the island. The fortress of Milazzo lies on a peninsula that projects into the northern sea about twenty-five miles to the west of Messina. Since the loss of Palermo, Messina had become the headquarters of the Neapolitan resistance, and Milazzo was its formidable outpost. On July 15, as the following entry in Peard's Journal describes, the Garibaldians on the hills above, not yet in sufficient force to interfere, watched the entry into Milazzo of four or five thousand excellent troops under Bosco, reputed to be the only man of courage among the Neapolitan generals in Sicily.

'July 15, *Reveille (sic)* at 3.30.—Went to the *quartiere generale* where my company were.² We were posted along the *fiumara* (bed of torrent) close to a small battery of two carronades (all our artillery), which commanded the road on the opposite side. The enemy were marching towards us and we expected to be attacked, which was what we wished, but on arriving at a mile and a-half from us they turned off to their right and marched into Milazzo. They are about 5000 strong and commanded by Col. Bosco.'

For five days (July 15-19) the Garibaldians lay on the hills above Milazzo, near the villages of Barcellona and Meri, suffering from rain and bad quarters, and occasionally driving back vigorous sorties made by Bosco's men who sallied out from the fortress on the peninsula.

¹ This account of the deficiency of the Sicilian roads of 1860 is not exaggerated. The taxation in Sicily and South Italy to-day is very heavy under the new *régime*, as it was under the old, but at least some of the first requirements of civilisation have now been supplied in return.

² Peard's company, as he himself notes, were armed with 'revolver rifles. A hundred of these strange new weapons had been sent by their inventor, Colt, to Garibaldi as an experiment. But they did not, like the *chassepots* of Mentana, 'do marvels.' On the contrary they leaked fire at the breach, and woefully scorched Peard's men, as I have been told by two English gentlemen who both fought side by side with them in the battle of July 20.

'July 15 (continued).—There was a tremendous *temporale* [storm] in the afternoon, which lasted with little intermission till near *reveille*. Those who had slept last night in some of the houses were nearly devoured by vermin of all sorts. I saw one gentleman whom I had met at Barcellona with his coat off and spread in the road, picking the insects off his clothes: he was quite in an agony and was worth seeing, though I really felt for him. In the evening we were ordered back to take the guard at the *quartiere generale* and stores: it was very fortunate, for the rain fell in torrents during great part of the night, and the only shelter at the battery was a filthy shed which the men told me was quite alive. Like the others of the staff I slept on some chairs. . . .

'17th.—A false alarm at 1 A.M. and all turned out: in the morning the enemy reported in motion, and moving on a line between Spadafora and Sta. Lucia. Medici resolved to attack them and advanced with three companies. The combat took place at the *fiumara* between Sta. Lucia and the sea. The enemy were from 1500 to 2000 strong, with two guns and a few cavalry. It began about 1 P.M. and lasted two hours, when they were driven back to Milazzo. Late in the afternoon they advanced again with four pieces to try and recover their position of the morning. This time the brigade was advanced in force and gave them a sound thrashing.'

Gradually more and more Garibaldian troops came on to the scene, and the arrival of the General himself was the sure sign of an approaching attack on Milazzo.

'July 18.—Dunn arrived with his regiment: several Englishmen were officers with him.'

'July 19.—Two alarms in the night. I fancy some of the country people got frightened at shadows and fired off their guns in consequence. Two men came and reported that four pieces of the enemy were near the shore with only sixty men on guard, so Dunn started off with some 150 of his men to capture them, but on arriving at the ground, which he did with some difficulty, the people who had undertaken to guide him, getting afraid as they approached the enemy, he found 2000 in position instead of sixty, so brought his own back again. In the evening Garibaldi arrived with the staff, having reached Meri in the morning from Palermo.

¹ Colonel Dunne (as he should rightly be spelt), formerly in the British army, a mysterious and romantic figure, did Garibaldi great service by drilling several hundred Sicilians into the famous *regimento Dunne*; Dunne and Wyndham, aided by several other English gentlemen, such as Mr. Patterson, made a very useful regiment out of the somewhat unpromising material of the Sicilian *squadri*. They first distinguished themselves at Milazzo on July 20.

He at once mounted his horse and rode to Sta. Lucia, thence visited the scene of the combat on the 18th (17th?).

So the 20th was to be the great day. The battle at Milazzo consisted of the advance of some 4000 Garibaldian volunteers against about an equal number of the very best regulars in the Neapolitan army, who put up a much better fight than 24,000 of their fellow soldiers had done in Palermo. Posted in strong positions, behind loopholed walls in the cultivated ground of the plain that stretches between Milazzo and the hills, they long kept back the heroic efforts of their assailants. How they were finally driven back through the town and into the fortress on the peninsula is thus described by Peard :

'July 20.—About 5 A.M. troops begin to arrive from Meri. We were ordered to advance immediately in rear of the advance guard. At about a mile from where the road reaches the beach we were ordered to occupy a large wine store, which after some difficulty we succeeded in entering. It was full of casks which Garibaldi thought were full, so I told the men by his order that he trusted to their honour not to drink the wine; however it turned out they were all empty. He took his place on the roof and examined the ground, and issued his orders for the attack. When we advanced he ordered me to lead the company thro' the vineyards on the left of the road. The firing was very hot. On the left Malenchini advanced with his brigade, centre and right Cosenz and Medici. The enemy fought well and knocked over many of ours with rifles and *mitraglia*, but our fellows received the charge of their cavalry and emptied many saddles, and in the end drove in the enemy at all points, capturing 5 guns, three on the right and 2 on the left. The battle began about 8 A.M., and before noon we were on the bridge about 500 yards from the town.¹ I had advanced as the General ordered and found myself in the line of fire between ours and the enemy, so as we had a chance of being shot on both sides I withdrew the men and fell in with one of our companies; two, dressed in red shirts, agreed to go on with me, so that ours would know us. As we advanced towards the beach we found the General, and in a few minutes joined ours pouring along the main road. The enemy kept up a tremendous fire of canister and small arms on the bridge, which we returned, bringing up two small guns, one a carronade, the other a brass mountain

¹ It was the seizure of this little bridge close to the town that turned the left flank of the enemy's whole position, threatened their rear, and so eventually brought about the retreat of Bosco's centre and right from his strong positions in the plain, first back into the town and thence into the fortress. See Paolucci's *Corrao*, *Archivio Stor. Sic.* 1900, p. 136.

gun; numbers fell killed and wounded. At length, the men being completely tired out, for the heat was dreadful, the General put them all into some wood stores near the beach to repose; at the same time some of ours kept up a hot fire from under the bridge with their rifles. Shortly after 2, the men being freshened, it was decided to advance on the city. Croff passed through the vineyards on the left and turned the houses in which the enemy were posted, and a general charge was ordered. Ours would not wait to fall in by even companies, but all mixed in a crowd rushed along the beach. The Castle had for some time kept up a fire of shot and shell on us. At 3 P.M. the town was in our hands, the people opening their windows and cheering us. Among the first to enter Milazzo was Garibaldi.'

The enemy had now been driven into the fortress, but there were no siege guns with which to take it. Fortunately the morale of Bosco and his men had been broken by the terrible battle on the 20th, and bluff supplied the place of siege guns, as so often happened when Garibaldi was practising his peculiar art of revolutionary war.

'July 21 (or 22).—This morning Bosco proposed a capitulation and to be allowed to withdraw with arms and material; this Garibaldi refused. Our bivouac on the Windmill hill¹ was very picturesque, a sort of hut of mats being rigged up among the olives. In the afternoon I was ordered to retire into the town and reached the *quartiere generale* just before sunset. An English steamer came in in the evening and was fired on by the castle, even after she had shown her colours. Our quarter in the city was a Casino, the General in the inner room and the rest on chairs, sofas or the floor in the outer. After reaching the town, had a glorious bathe.

'23rd.—Preparations had continued to be carried on for carrying the Castle. Garibaldi's proposal was "Officers to retire with their swords, all the rest prisoners of war and all arms, &c., to be delivered up." Conferences had gone on all day and Garibaldi had given till sunset. But about three o'clock, in came four Neapolitan steamers with flag of truce on board the Admiral's ship. All the troops called to their arms instantly and marched under cover. A *Parlamentario* came to the General. I marched my company to the Palace; we waited some 4 hours, when we found the terms for evacuating the place had been fixed as follows:—"Officers and men to retire with arms and baggage. All horses, half the mules, artillery of position and all stores to be given up to us. Two days given for the evacuation." Thus after five days the Castle has

¹ The Windmill Hill where Peard was posted was at the end of the peninsula, beyond the fortress, which now stood between him and his fellow Garibaldians in the town. This is made clear by a long description in his journal which I omit.

surrendered to the Dictator, certainly on very favourable terms, yet had the steamers delayed another hour I am told his terms would have been accepted.

'24th.—Walked early to the Windmill hill with Dolmage and Nast. Towards midday all the troops under arms, and the evacuation commenced. Bosco came down with some of his officers and embarked under a storm of groans from the people. In afternoon the company ordered to the Castle. After some time told they were no longer wanted, so we came away. Went to quarters of the staff for dinner, but entering the room Simonetta hailed me and asked by what authority I had left my post. Told him we were no longer wanted, but he immediately ordered me back; just after sunset he rode up, asked where my men were and sent me down for them. Dolmage went and brought them up, but on reaching the gates we were refused admittance; went and reported it, and was told it was no consequence, so had all our worry and lost our dinner for nothing.

'25th.—Went to see Col. Forbes.¹ This morning the Neapolitans have been discovered to be true Borbonisti. Fourteen of the guns which by the treaty were to be handed over to us were discovered to have been spiked during the night, and percussion fuses placed so as to blow up part of the citadel and its occupants.'

After the fall of Milazzo, the garrison of Messina consented to be neutralised, so that the way was opened for the crossing of the straits. Then followed the rapid surrenders and dispersements of the large Neapolitan armies on the Calabrian coast, at the 'toe' of Italy. Peard, as the following entry shows, resigned his small command in Sicily, so as to be able to follow Garibaldi across the water.

'[Aug.] 24.—Sent resignation to Medici. At 9 A.M. we left Messina in a boat for S. Giovanni; there was a fine breeze down the straits and we did the passage in about an hour and a half. A large Neapolitan frigate was lying just below the Citadel, and at one time we thought she was after us. Found many of ours at S. Giovanni. The enemy's troops had capitulated yesterday. After a long parley of many hours they yielded at discretion. The forts of Torre de Cavallo and Punto di Pezzo thus fell into our hands with guns, ammunition and mules, so that we now completely command the straits. Got donkeys for the general quarters.

¹ Viz. Hugh Forbes, of the Retreat from Rome in 1849 (see G. M. T.'s *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*). He must not be confused with Captain C. S. Forbes of the Royal Navy, whose name occurs several times in this article. Hugh Forbes was left behind by Garibaldi as Governor of Milazzo, much to his disgust.

News arrived that Scylla had also capitulated and we pushed on there. The General was taking his siesta under some vines in a garden, stretched on a shawl with a valise for a pillow; saw him as soon as he awoke. I follow his staff. Our cavalcade was a funny one—all sorts of costumes, and wooden frames on which were blankets, &c., in lieu of saddles.

'[Aug.] 29.—Arrived at Pizzo; found the General had left yesterday, so turned the carriage and continued our march. Sorry not to be able to visit the fort, the scene of poor Murat's murder. Away again for Maida, where we thought to find the General. The road very pretty, through a rich highly cultivated country and fine sea views. All along the road were traces of the flight of the *Regj*, schakos, knapsacks, accoutrements, all torn to pieces, were lying in heaps. Crossing a ravine was a most picturesque broken bridge. Ascending the hill towards Maida we learnt that the General was still in advance, so pushed on across the downs. Bixio was halted on the hill in an olive grove.

And so they chased the dispirited Neapolitans under General Ghio (whom Peard calls Guyot) until they came up with them at S. Pietro, near Cosenza, where the following events, in which Peard played a principal part, took place.

'[Aug. 29, night].—It was a glorious drive on the mountains in the bright moonlight. Such groups of fine brigand-looking Calabrese, some halted, some on the march. It was late when we halted on the hills above S. Pietro. Mrs. C.¹ and Nast went to the town, about a mile off, to sleep.

'30th.—Just at daybreak the General with the staff passed to the front. Shortly after we followed. The scenery magnificent, through forests of chestnuts, the effects of the rising sun over the peaks and in the valleys glorious. Some two or three miles on received orders to stop and allow the troops to pass. The road descended from the hills and crossed some extensive open land covered with stubble; beyond was the village of Soveria, partly in a deep valley among wooded hills, partly on an elevated spur. Reaching the foot of some low hills the road turns to the west and then winds round them to the village. Here we found the Neapolitans under General Guyot were halted. Garibaldi sent in to require their surrender, and then led the Calabrese, about 2000 strong, over the hills to the east of the village. Left Mrs. C. in the carriage with Nast and followed. Overtook the General among some trees; his messengers had just returned without any definite answer. We still continued to advance over the hills with the

¹ 'Mrs. C.' appears, from an entry under the date August 28, to be the wife of 'Corti,' following her husband who was in the army. 'Corti,' I suppose, means Clemente Corte; see above for journal of June 9 and my note.

Calabrese ; Cosenz's Brigade had advanced across the open country towards the village on the south, and were kept in reserve. I went on with Dowling¹ ahead of the Staff, and at length reached a spot near some cottages, whence we could see part of the enemy's troops with piled arms apparently cooking, under some trees on the road towards Cosenza. Here we waited some time, watching the progress of our men round the hills, gradually coming down and drawing round the enemy's position. At length ours began to shout and advance through the forest. Three Calabrese had joined Dowling and me, so we made ourselves look as many as possible by extending wide, and went down to where a spur of the hills advanced to some 200 yards from the enemy. We returned the cry of ours on the opposite hill. Then the Neapolitan officers and men commenced waving white handkerchiefs and shouting "*Viva Garibaldi.*" On this we ran down through the vineyards, but our surprise was somewhat great on running down a bank into the village to find the whole of the enemy's force, 10,000 strong, in the place. Any hesitation would have lost us, so I said to Dowling that Impudence was our only chance, and passing through a battery of 12 fine guns I walked up to the nearest officer, told him I had come to receive their surrender, and requested at once to be led to the General commanding. We marched up the street accompanied by a crowd of officers and men, and at length found Genl. Guyot. Without giving him time to say anything I said, "Sir, your officers and men have invited us down by crying '*Viva Garibaldi*' and waving their handkerchiefs; your position is untenable, for you are entirely surrounded by our troops, who at this moment are coming down through the woods on each side of you. The Dictator wishes to spare Italian blood, therefore I ask you to surrender." He looked perfectly astonished, as well he might, and at length replied that "it was unmilitary to talk thus in public." I said I would talk with him where he pleased, and, turning round, desired Dowling to go at once and communicate with Garibaldi, telling him what we had done. He was sent off with some officers to pass him through the *avanti posti*. Our conference ended by General Guyot desiring me to go and say he wished a personal interview with Garibaldi; he said he was not aware any such sentiment as that I had described existed among his troops. Off I went with an officer to see me past the posts. But arriving at that near the church in the upper village, called Manelli, the men were scarcely prevented from shooting me by the united exertions of their officers. It ended in my being sent back to the lower village. General Guyot asked why I had returned, so I told him the reason, which was also confirmed

¹ Formerly sergeant of British artillery; he did Garibaldi yeoman's service especially in his battery at the Volturno, which stood the brunt of the battle October 1.

by the officers. He said he could do no more, that if I wished he would give me an escort, but whilst we were talking an officer came and whispered to him. On which he said, "Go and say to General Garibaldi: I surrender on condition my men may be allowed to retire safely to their homes." Of course I told him I would do so, and started to find the General. It seems the information conveyed in the whisper was that the men had already begun to move off. The officer and several men who were sent with me on reaching the outposts declined returning, and said they should go with me to Garibaldi and tender their services. By the time I had seen *him* and taken back his answer the street was almost entirely deserted, the men all passing off in a body. We took 10,000 stand of arms, 12 cannon, ambulance, military chest, a large number of cavalry horses and draught mules. It was great luck escaping safe. Our men shortly after began to enter the place, and such a scene of confusion I have scarcely ever witnessed. The officers were allowed to retire with their personal baggage. As no accommodation could be got, we resolved in the evening to go on to a small hamlet called Coraci, where Mrs. C. got a bed. The inn, as it was called, was a wretched hole, all the rooms full of people, but she got a room in a cottage. As we were driving out of Soveria we passed our friends of the commissariat, who gave us a stirrup cup, for which we were really grateful, having found nothing to drink in the village.¹

'31st.—Garibaldi rode past at about 4 A.M. We were off in a few minutes after, and followed him through magnificent mountain passes. In several places the road had been cut through in deep trenches by the Calabrese, and had the enemy not surrendered to us the day before they would inevitably have been cut to pieces by the peasantry on their retreat. There was a most picturesque scene at the halt on the mountain top. Hence we began to descend through glorious forests and unrivalled views.'

The last scene with which I will trouble the reader is decidedly the most amusing. On September 3 Peard and his non-combatant friend Captain C. S. Forbes, of the Royal Navy (who fully bears out this story in his 'Campaign of Garibaldi,' pp. 220-26), were in advance of the main body, in the village of Auletta, not far from the heights of Salerno, the formidable position occupied by the Bourbon forces covering Naples.

'[Sept. 3.]—We arrived there in the afternoon and were received with most tremendous enthusiasm. The people thought I was Garibaldi, and it was thought that it would do good to yield to the delusion. It became a nuisance, for deputations arrived

¹ This story of Peard's part in the negotiations with Ghio can be found in Forbes' *Campaign of Garibaldi*, p. 200.

from all the neighbourhood to kiss my excellency's hand, and I had to hold regular levées. In the evening, standing in a balcony smoking, I asked why the town was illuminated. I was told 'for my excellency's arrival,' and a little later, hearing the bells clattering, I asked what was the matter, as it was long past *Ave Maria*. I was answered there was to be a *Te Deum* in honour of my excellency.

4th.—I was to drive with Fabrizio to see his position towards Salerno, but before starting he came in laughing and said I must hold another levée. After this we started. News had spread of the General's coming, and all along the road the people were collected in crowds. The shortest check and the carriage was surrounded by people to kiss my hand; when we turned off the main road to go to Postiglione, the left of the position, we were surrounded by National Guards, bands, and people, and went to that village in a regular procession. We went to the Sindic's, who insisted on the honour of giving us a breakfast. Fabrizio has chosen a very fine position. The left at Postiglione which, built at the foot of the conspicuous Monte Palermo (?), which overhangs the plain of Pestum, occupies a spur at a considerable elevation. The right on the hills towards Eboli, taking in some strong villages in the centre. In rear was another position less extensive but very similar, on which troops could fall back if the first was forced, and in the rear the gorges at the entrance of Val Diano would form a third almost impregnable line. The people seem quite mad with excitement. At the Sindic's one of the priests (there were numbers of the fraternity present) went on his knees and called me a second *Jesus Christ*. I was not prepared for so excessive a bit of blasphemy. Returned to Auletta to dinner, and then started for Eboli to gain information. It was about 9 P.M. when we reached that town. We drove to the Sindic's, but the word passed that Garibaldi was there. We kept up the delusion, but I insisted, on plea of being fatigued and the necessity of writing important despatches, on getting a private room. The Sindic put us in his own sanctum, but it was not till we had a guard at the door that we could keep people out. I steadily refused to see anyone. We sent to the telegraph office and the *Impiegato* brought his books. We found General Scotti, who commanded at Salerno (viz. the Neapolitan commander), had about an hour before sent for information as to Caldarelli's brigade and Garibaldi's movements. So we answered it, telling him that the former had come over to us and, united to Türr, was advancing: that Garibaldi was arrived. Galenza also sent a private despatch to Ulloa,¹ advising him to look out for himself. This, of course, we knew

¹ General Girolamo Ulloa, whom report had made Minister of War, though he was not really in that position. Galenza, though a Garibaldian, was a personal friend of Ulloa. See Forbes, *op. cit.* p. 225.

would be made public in Naples. The enemy having an advanced post at Battipaglia, four miles off, we thought it better to retire and carry our information to Fabrizzi. But we thought it best that the people should continue to think Garibaldi was in the town. So Forbes went out and found a way to get through the place unseen, whilst the others left openly in the carriage. Forbes and I therefore got out a back way and waited in the road for the carriage. Galenza blew up the *Sindie*, and told him his folly in allowing the people to throng the General had spoilt all his plans.

'5th.—Shortly after sunrise we returned to Auletta and found Fabrizzi had gone to meet Garibaldi at Sala. Thither Galenza and I went also, getting seats in the carriage of an Englishman who we found on acquaintance to be an awful bore. I reported what we had done to Garibaldi, and told him I should return to Eboli. He was satisfied, and expressed himself pleased with what I had done. No horses were to be got to return to Galenza, and I had to walk back. We found carriage and horses at the post house at Auletta, and as soon as our things were brought down started. Just after changing horses at La Duchessa we met a carriage which stopped us, and we found that it was full of Neapolitans; one inquired for me and went back with us, the rest on to Auletta. He told us the effect of our telegrams was to make the troops evacuate Salerno and fall back on Procera, and that it had thrown the *Regie* in Naples into great consternation—that the King was going to leave for Gaeta. We resolved on going on direct to Salerno. Arriving at Eboli, we telegraphed on to say the General was arrived and would enter Salerno at 5 A.M.

'6th.—After a couple of hours' halt at Eboli we went on to Salerno. On the road we passed some of the enemy's cavalry, retiring under capitulation. At 5 A.M. we approached the town and were met by a string of carriages. We entered in a long procession amidst shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi.*" We drove at once to the *Sindie's*, where there was a crowd to receive me, thinking I was the General. At first we were obliged to carry on the comedy, and I had to go to the balcony and bow to the people. The whole space in front was crowded. Bands playing, people shouting, &c. I requested a dressing room to have a bath, and think a little of what was to be done. An officer who entered called me aside and asked if I wished him also to believe me the General. I told him certainly not, and that I had requested the *Sindie* might be undeceived, but still I had to receive deputations and have my hand kissed all through the morning. As soon as I had got all the information in my power I wrote a despatch to the General and sent off Nast, to whom Mr. Edwin James and Mr. Ashley¹ gave a seat in their carriage

¹ Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who died only last year, was in 1860 private secretary to the English Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston. To the scarcely concealed

as they were going to meet the General at Eboli. I prayed the General to lose no time in coming on. Nast told me he expressed himself pleased with what I had done. Garibaldi told him to tell me he would arrive in the evening. In the afternoon they made me go to La Cava. I went in Marchese Atenolfi's carriage; several others joined in and we had a perfect ovation. I had to receive crowds of people at Cava, where we drove all through the town, returning to lunch at the Marchese's. One officer would not be undeceived: he told me if I wished to preserve my incognito he could keep a secret. We returned to Salerno in the same manner we had come. In the evening I drove out with the *Sindico* to meet the General. When we met his carriage he took off his hat and said laughing, "*Viva Garibaldi*. So you have stolen my name again." I replied, I hoped he would not shoot me for the theft. "Oh," said he, "you have done well." Great was the uproar when we arrived. It was just dark; the whole city and heights were illuminated. The poor General was nearly torn in pieces.

Next day Garibaldi entered Naples.

Peard took part in the battle of the Volturno on October 1, the last of the victories of Garibaldi's great campaign. It was the last stand of the Bourbons, whose remaining troops had recovered their morale. Some 60,000 men took part in it, the great majority on the Bourbon side. Peard's account of the battle is unfortunately meagre in personal reminiscences:

'October 1.—This morning the enemy attacked along our whole line in force. Our posts had been advanced in front of S. Angelo towards Capua to within a mile of that fortress. Dowling's battery was taken twice and retaken again, finally remaining in our hands. The Neapolitans burnt a house close to the battery with dead and wounded. Between S. Angelo and Sta. Maria two roads come from towards Capua, sunk fourteen or fifteen feet. Through these and across the plain the enemy advanced cutting our communications. One of the horses of the General's carriage was shot in this road; the fighting was tremendous, and our loss very heavy, mostly in wounded. The Hungarian cavalry [Garibaldian] charged that of the enemy four times, splendidly. In our part near St. Angelo the enemy bayoneted our wounded men. The artillery was well

satisfaction of his chief, the young man spent his summer holiday with Garibaldi. His article in the *National Review*, May 1899, 'A Garibaldian Reminiscence,' p. 494, tells the story of his meeting Peard on this occasion, and going on to Eboli with Nast. Ashley adds: 'In personal appearance Peard was not like Garibaldi, being tall, with a long beard, while the latter was short and close-cropped over the chin. But he was more like the popular conception than was the hero himself.' Hence the mistake at Auletta and Eboli.'

served on both sides, particularly on ours. On the road from Sta. Maria to Capua the fight was fierce: we had a barricade about half a mile in advance in this direction, with a brick kiln on its right; this was fiercely contested, but ours were eventually obliged to fall back. The slaughter of the enemy was very great. They advanced three times within 150 yards of the arch of Sta. Maria. By 1 p.m. we were perfectly victorious on the whole line. We took many prisoners, several of them officers. It is miraculous that Garibaldi escaped untouched.

'October 2.—Bodies of the enemy who had been cut off from Capua yesterday got into the hills behind Caserta. To-day they attacked and advanced down close to that town, but it ended in their losing 2200 prisoners and being thoroughly defeated.'

After the Volturno battle the men of the British Legion arrived, unfortunately too late for the serious fighting. Peard was put in command of them during their brief sojourn on Italian soil.

Peard's bust—exceedingly inadequate as a portrait of so proper a man—now stands on the Janiculum, almost in the shadow of the great statue of 'the General.' Other Englishmen—Dunne, Wyndham, Dowling and another who shall be nameless—did as much for Garibaldi from a purely military point of view. But Peard's figure had, with good reason, caught the imagination of the Italians, as symbolic of individualist mid-Victorian England and its sympathies with Italy and freedom. Only last year Abba, one of the survivors of the 'Thousand,' wrote about him thus:

'Colonel Peard was one of the most interesting figures among the lovers of Italy who came to fight for us. I saw him for the first time at Messina, in August 1860, but others said they had seen him better at Milazzo. He commanded no body of men,¹ but made, so to speak, a body of men in himself, for his infallible rifle was as good as a company compared to our troops armed with bad old muskets fit for the scrap heap. He was a fine man, with broad square shoulders and strong grey head, and the sight of him inspired our young men' (*Corriera della Sera*, 6 marzo, 1907).

G. M. TREVELYAN.

¹ He had a command at Milazzo, as recorded above. But he fought for his own hand in 1859 and at the Volturno.

AT LARGE.¹

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

XII.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

How strange it is that what is often the latest reward of the toiler after holiness, the extreme solace of the outwearied saint, should be too often made the first irksome article of a childish creed! To tell a child that it is a duty to love God better than father or mother, sisters and brothers, better than play, or stories, or food, or toys, what a monstrous thing is that! It is one of the things that make religion into a dreary and darkling shadow, that haunts the path of the innocent. The child's love is all for tangible, audible, and visible things. Love for him means kind words and smiling looks, ready comfort and lavished kisses; the child does not even love things for being beautiful, but for being what they *are*—curious, characteristic, interesting. He loves the odd frowsy smell of the shut-up attic, the bright ugly ornaments of the chimney-piece, the dirt of the street. He has no sense of critical taste. Besides, words mean so little to him, or even bear odd, fantastic associations, which no one can divine, and which he himself is unable to express; he has no notion of an abstract, essential, spiritual thing, apart from what is actual to his senses. And then into this little concrete mind, so full of small definite images, so faltering and frail, is thrust this vast, remote notion—that he is bound to love something hidden and terrible, something that looks at him from the blank sky when he is alone among the garden-beds, something which haunts empty rooms and the dark brake of the woodland. Moreover, a child, with its preternatural sensitiveness to pain, its bewildered terror of punishment, learns, side by side with this, that the God Whom he is to love thus tenderly is the God Who lays about Him so fiercely in the Old Testament,

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slaying the innocent with the guilty, merciless, harsh, inflicting the irreparable stroke of death, where a man would be concerned with desiring amendment more than vengeance. The simple questions with which the man Friday poses Robinson Crusoe, and to which he receives so ponderous an answer, are the questions which naturally arise in the mind of any thoughtful child. Why, if God be so kind and loving, does He not make an end of evil at once? Yet, because such questions are unanswerable by the wisest, the child is, for the convenience of his education, made to feel that he is wicked if he questions what he is taught. How many children will persevere in the innocent scepticism which is so natural and so desirable, under a sense of disapproval? One of my own earliest experiences in the ugly path of religious gloom was that I recognised quite clearly to myself that I did not love God at all. I did not know Him, I had no reason to think Him kind; He was angry with me, I gathered, if I was ill-tempered and untruthful. I was well enough aware by childish instinct that my mother did not cease to love me when I was naughty, but I could not tell about God. And yet I knew that, with His terrible power of knowing everything, He was well aware that I did not love Him. It was best to forget about Him as much as possible, for it spoiled one's pleasure to think about it. All the little amusements and idle businesses that were so dear to me, He probably disapproved of them all, and was only satisfied when I was safe at my lessons or immured in church. Sunday was the sort of day He liked, and how I detested it!—the toys put away, little ugly books about the Holy Land to read, an air of deep dreariness about it all. Thus does religion become a weariness from the outset.

How slowly, and after what strange experience, by what infinite delay of deduction, does the love of God dawn upon the soul! Even then how faint and subtle an essence it is! In deep anxiety, under unbearable strain, in the grip of a dilemma of which either issue seems intolerable, in weariness of life, in hours of flagging vitality, the mighty tide begins to flow strongly and tranquilly into the soul. One did not make oneself; one did not make one's sorrows, even when they arose from one's own weakness and perversity. There was a meaning, a significance about it all; one was indeed on pilgrimage; and then comes the running to the Father's knee, and the casting oneself in utter and broken weakness upon the one Heart that understands perfectly and utterly,

and which does, which must, desire the best and truest. 'Give me courage, hope, confidence,' says the desolate soul.

I can endure Thy bitterest decrees,
If certain of Thy Love.

How would one amend all this if one had the power? Alas! it could only be by silencing all stupid and clumsy people, all rigid parents, all diplomatic priests, all the horrible natures who lick their lips with a fierce zest over the pains that befall the men with whom they do not agree. I would teach a child, in defiance even of reason, that God is the one Power that loves and understands him through thick and thin; that He punishes with anguish and sorrow; that He exults in forgiveness and mercy; that He rejoices in innocent happiness; that He loves courage, and brightness, and kindness, and cheerful self-sacrifice; that things mean, and vile, and impure, and cruel, are things that He does not love to punish, but sad and soiling stains that He beholds with shame and tears. This, it seems to me, is the Gospel teaching about God, impossible only because of the hardness of our hearts. But if it *were* possible, a child might grow to feel about sin, not that it was a horrible and unpardonable failure, a thing to afflict oneself drearily about, but that it was rather a thing which, when once spurned, however humiliating, could minister to progress, in a way in which untroubled happiness could not operate—to be forgotten, perhaps, but certainly to be forgiven; a privilege rather than a hindrance, a gate rather than a barrier; a shadow upon the path, out of which one would pass, with such speed as one might, into the blitheness of the free air and the warm sun. I remember a terrible lecture which I heard as a little bewildered boy at school, anxious to do right, terrified of oppression, and coldness, and evil alike; given by a worthy Evangelical clergyman, with large spectacles, and a hollow voice, and a great relish for spiritual terrors. The subject was 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' a proposition which I now see to be as true as if one lectured on the exceeding carnality of flesh. But the lecture spoke of the horrible and filthy corruption of the human heart, its determined delight in wallowing in evil, its desperate wickedness. I believed it, dully and hopelessly, as a boy believes what is told him by a voluble elderly person of obvious respectability. But what a detestable theory of life, what an ugly picture of Divine incompetence!

Of course there are abundance of facts in the world which look

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like anything but love;—the ruthless and merciless punishment of carelessness and ignorance, the dark laws of heredity, the wastefulness and cruelty of disease, the dismal acquiescence of stupid, healthy, virtuous persons, without sympathy or imagination, in the hardships which they were strong enough to bear unscathed. One of the prime terrors of religion is the thought of the heavy-handed, unintelligent, tiresome men who would make it a monopoly if they could, and bear it triumphantly away from the hands of modest, humble, quiet, and tender-hearted people, chiding them as nebulous optimists.

Who are the people in this short life of ours whom one remembers with deep and abiding gratitude? Not those who have rebuked, and punished, and satirised, and humiliated us, striking down the stricken, and flattening the prostrate—but the people who have been patient with us, and kind, who have believed in us, and comforted us, and welcomed us, and forgiven us everything; who have given us largely of their love, who have lent without requiring repayment, who have given us emotional rather than prudential reasons, who have cared for us, not as a duty but by some divine instinct, who have made endless excuses for us, believing that the true self was there and would emerge, who have pardoned our misdeeds and forgotten our meannesses.

This is what I would believe of God—that He is not our censorious and severe critic, but our champion and lover, not loving us in spite of what we are, but because of what we are; Who in the days of our strength rejoices in our joy, and does not wish to overshadow it, like the conscientious human mentor, with considerations that we must yet be withered like grass; and Who, when the youthful ebullience dies away, and the spring grows weak, and we wonder why the zest has died out of simple pleasures, out of agreeable noise and stir, is still with us, reminding us that the wisdom we are painfully and surely gaining is a deeper and more lasting quality than even the hot impulses of youth.

Once in my life have I conceived what might have been, if I had had the skill to paint it, an immortal picture. It was thus. I was attending a Christmas morning service in a big parish church. I was in a pew facing east; close to me, in a transept, in a pew facing sideways, there sat a little old woman, who had hurried in just before the service began. She was a widow, living, I afterwards learnt, in an almshouse hard by. She was old and feeble, very poor, and her life had been a series of calamities, relieved

upon a background of the hardest and humblest drudgery. She had lost her husband years ago by a painful and terrible illness. She had lost her children one by one; she was alone in the world, save for a few distant and indifferent relatives. To get into the almshouse had been for her a stroke of incredible and inconceivable good fortune. She had a single room, with a tiny kitchen off it. She had very little to say for herself; she could hardly read. No one took any particular interest in her; but she was a kindly, gallant, unselfish old soul, always ready to bear a hand, full of gratitude for the kindnesses she had received—and God alone knows how few they had been.

She had a small ugly, homely face, withered and gnarled hands; and she was dressed that day in a little old bonnet of unheard-of age, and in dingy, frowsy black clothes, shiny and creased, that came out of their box perhaps half a dozen times a year.

But this morning she was in a festal mood. She had tidied up her little room; she was going to have a bit of meat for her dinner, given her by a neighbour. She had been sent a Christmas card that morning, and had pored over it with delight. She liked the stir and company of the church, and the cheerful air of the holly-berries. She held her book up before her, though I do not suppose she was even at the right page. She kept up a little faint cracked singing in her thin old voice; but when they came to the hymn 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' which she had always known from childhood, she lifted up her head and sang more courageously:

Join the triumph of the skies!
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

It was then that I had my vision. I do not know why, but at the sight of the wrinkled face and the sound of the plaintive up-lifted voice, singing such words, a sudden mist of tears came over my eyes. Then I saw that close behind the old dame there stood a very young and beautiful man. I could see the fresh curling hair thrown back from the clear brow. He was clothed in a dim robe, of an opalescent hue and misty texture, and his hands were clasped together. It seemed that he sang too; but his eyes were bent upon the old woman with a look, half of tender amusement, and half of unutterable lovingness. The angelic host! This was one of that bright company indeed, going about the Father's business, bringing a joyful peace into the hearts of those among

whom he moved. And of all the worshippers in that crowded church he had singled out the humblest and simplest for his friend and sister. I saw no more that day, for the lines of that presence faded out upon the air in the gleams of the frosty sunshine that came and went among the pillars. But if I could have painted the scene, the pure, untroubled face so close to the old, worn features, the robes of light side by side with the dingy human vesture, it would be a picture that no living eye that had rested on it should forget.

Alas, that one cannot live in moments of inspiration like these ! As life goes on, and as we begin perhaps to grow a little nearer to God by faith, we are confronted in our own lives, or in the life of one very near us, by some intolerable and shameful catastrophe. A careless sin makes havoc of a life, and shadows a home with shame ; or some generous and unselfish nature, useful, beneficent, urgently needed, is struck down with a painful and hopeless malady. This, too, we say to ourselves, must come from God ; He might have prevented it if He had so willed. What are we to make of it ? How are we to translate into terms of love what seems like an act of tyrannous indifference, or deliberate cruelty ? Then, I think, it is well to remind ourselves that we can never know exactly the conditions of any other human soul. How little we know of our own ! How little we could explain our case to another, even if we were utterly sincere ! The weaknesses of our nature are often, very tenderly I would believe, hidden from us ; we think ourselves sensitive and weak, when in reality we are armed with a stubborn breastplate of complacency and pride ; or we think ourselves strong, only because the blows of circumstance have been spared us. The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment. I remember once that a friend of mine had sent him a rare plant, which was set in a big flower-pot, close to a fountain-basin. It never thrived ; it lived indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone, the flower-pot was broken by a careless garden-boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it ; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water ; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned,

he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water-plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool.

Even so has it been, times without number, with some starving and thirsty soul, that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed; that sorrow has brought out some latent unselfishness, or suffering energised some unused faculty of strength and patience.

But even if it is not so, if we cannot trace in our own lives or the lives of others the beneficent influence of suffering, we can always take refuge in one thought. We can see that the one mighty and transforming power on earth is the power of love; we see people make sacrifices, not momentary sacrifices, but lifelong patient renunciations, for the sake of one whom they love; we see a great and passionate affection touch into being a whole range of unsuspected powers; we see men and women utterly unconscious of pain and weariness, utterly unaware that they are acting without a thought of self, if they can but soothe the pain of one dear to them, or win a smile from beloved lips; it is not that the selfishness, the indolence, is not there, but it is all borne away upon a mighty stream, as the river-wrack spins upon the rising flood.

If then this marvellous, this amazing power of love can cause men to make, with joy and gladness, sacrifices of which in their loveless days they would have deemed themselves and confessed themselves wholly incapable, can we not feel with confidence that the power, which lies thus deepest in the heart of the world, lies also deepest in the heart of God, of Whom the world is but a faint reflection? It cannot be otherwise. We may sadly ponder, indeed, why the love that has been, or that might have been, the strength of weary lives should be withdrawn or sternly withheld, but we need not be afraid, if we have one generous impulse for another, if we ever put aside a delight that may please or attract us, for the sake of one who expects or would value any smallest service—and there are few who cannot feel this—we need not then, I say, doubt that the love which we desire,

and which we have somehow missed or lost, is there waiting for us, ours all the time, if we but knew it.

And even if we miss the sweet influence of love in our lives, is there anyone who has not, in solitude and dreariness, looked back upon the time when he was surrounded by love and opportunities of love, in childhood or in youth, with a bitter regret that he did not make more of it when it was so near to him, that he was so blind and selfish, that he was not a little more tender, a little more kind? I will speak frankly for myself and say that the memories which hurt me most, when I stumble upon them, are those of the small occasions when I showed myself perverse and hard; when eyes, long since closed, looked at me with a pathetic expectancy; when I warded off the loving impulse by some jealous sense of my own rights, some peevish anger at a fancied injustice; when I stifled the smile, and withheld the hand, and turned away in silence, glad, in that poisonous moment, to feel that I could at all events inflict that pain in base requital. One may know that it is all forgiven, one may be sure that the misunderstanding has faded in the light of the other dawn, but still the cold base shadow, the thought of one's perverse cruelty, strikes a gloom upon the mind.

But with God, when one once begins to draw near to Him, one need have no such poignant regrets or overshadowing memories; one may say to Him in one's heart, as simply as a child, that He knows what one has been and is, what one might have been and what one desires to be; and one may cast oneself at His feet in the overwhelming hope that He will make of oneself what He would have one to be.

In the Parable of the Prodigal Son, it is not the poor wretch himself, whose miserable motive for returning is plainly indicated—that instead of pining in cold and hunger he may be warmed and clothed—who is the hero of the story; still less is it the hard and virtuous elder son. The hero of the tale is the patient, tolerant, loving father, who had acted, as a censorious critic might say, foolishly and culpably, in supplying the dissolute boy with resources, and taking him back without a word of just reproach. A sad lack of moral discipline, no doubt! If he had kept the boy in fear and godliness, if he had tied him down to honest work, the disaster need never have happened. Yet the old man, who went so often at sundown, we may think, to the crest of the hill, from which he could see the long road winding over the plain to the far-off city, the road by which he had seen his son depart, light-heartedly and

full of fierce joyful impulses, and along which he was to see the dejected figure, so familiar, so sadly marred, stumbling home—he is the master-spirit of the sweet and comforting scene. His heart is full of utter gladness, for the lost is found. He smiles upon the servants; he bids the household rejoice; he can hardly, in his simple joy of heart, believe that the froward elder brother is vexed and displeased; and his words of entreaty that the brother, too, will enter into the spirit of the hour, are some of the most pathetic and beautiful ever framed in human speech: ‘Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine; it was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found.’

And this is, after all, the way in which God deals with us. He gives us our portion to spend as we choose; He holds nothing back; and when we have wasted it and brought misery upon ourselves, and return to Him, even for the worst of reasons, He has not a word of rebuke or caution; He is simply and utterly filled with joy and love. There are a thousand texts that would discourage us, would bid us believe that God deals hardly with us; but it is men that deal hardly with us, it is we that deal hardly with ourselves. This story, which is surely the most beautiful story in the world, gives us the deliberate thought of the Saviour, the essence of His teaching; and we may fling aside the bitter warnings of jealous minds, and cast ourselves upon the supreme hope that, if only we will return, we are dealt with even more joyfully than if we had never wandered at all.

And then perhaps at last, when we have peeped again and again, through loss and suffering, at the dark background of life; when we have seen the dust-stained canvas of the picture-back; when the path grows steep and miry, and the light is veiled by scudding cloud and dripping rain, there begins to dawn upon us the sense of a beautiful and holy patience, the thought that these grey ashes of life, in which the glowing cinders sink, which once were bright with leaping flame, are not the end—that the flame and glow are there, although momentarily dispersed. They have done their work; one is warmed and enlivened; one can sit still, feeding one’s fancy on the lapsing embers, just as one saw pictures in the fire as an eager child long ago. That high-hearted excitement and that curiosity have faded. Life is very different from what we expected, more wholesome, more marvellous, more brief, more inconclusive; but there is an intenser, if quieter and more patient,

curiosity to wait and see what God is doing for us ; and the orange-stain and green glow of the sunset, though colder and less jocund, is yet a far more mysterious, tender, and beautiful thing than the steady glow of the noonday sun, when the shining flies darted hither and thither, and the roses sent out their rich fragrance. There is fragrance still, the fragrance of the evening flowers, where the western windows look across the misty fields, and the thickening shadows of the tall trees. But there is something that speaks in the gathering gloom, in the darkening sky with its flush of crimson fire, that did not speak in the sun-warmed garden and the dancing leaves ; and what speaks is the mysterious love of God, a thing sweeter and more remote than the urgent bliss of the fiery noon, full of delicate mysteries and appealing echoes. We have learnt that the darkness is no darkness with Him ; and the soul which beat her wings so passionately in the brighter light of the hot morning, now at last begins to dream of whither she is bound, and the dear shade where she will fold her weary wing.

How often has the soul in her dreariness cried out ' One effort more ' ! But that is done with for ever. She is patient now ; she believes at last ; she labours no longer at the oar, but she is borne upon the moving tide ; she is on her way to the deep Heart of God.

CATHERINE'S CHILD.¹

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARDS the end of June, Cecil Adelstane rode up to Shepherd's Rest one evening; and meeting Johnny, the groom, in the lane, handed his horse over to be led to the stables, while he walked into the garden, where he found Catherine, as usual.

Her book had fallen into her lap, and she was enjoying the cool air after a very hot day.

Her dreaming gaze followed the flight of the swifts and house-martins wheeling and darting in the blue of space, in search of their invisible prey. All round the bench whereon she sat the campanulas, rose and purple and white, swung noiseless bells. Behind her the pointed spires of the fir trees, and the rounded flowering masses of a great Spanish chestnut, were outlined against a clear sunset sky, and from the orchard, where the cows were being milked, came the sound of Lily's voice, gaily chattering. It struck Catherine that Cecil came up the garden path with a heavier air and step than usual.

'I have come to bid you good-bye, for my business is finished, and I am returning to town to-morrow,' he said, after his usual civil greeting and inquiries for her news of Philippa.

'It is the night of her dance,' Catherine said, rather wistfully; but his absent expression made her abandon the subject. 'I am afraid you have had a very dull time down here alone,' she said.

'I have been too much occupied to be dull,' said Sir Cecil in his most precise tones. He was silent for a moment, and then, as though suddenly conscious of her sympathetic feeling, was moved to make one of his rare confidences. 'The fact is, Catherine, I have been very much worried and troubled of late.'

'I am sorry to hear it. I have fancied you were not looking well.'

'All my life,' said Sir Cecil gravely, 'I have been constitu-

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tionally unable to stand worry. It affects my sleep. I fear for my health. I do indeed.' He turned his deep blue eyes, that were the exact counterpart of Philippa's, upon Catherine, with an expression so woeful that she had some ado not to smile at his alarm for himself.

'You must not let yourself worry.'

He shook his head.

'I am not inclined, I can assure you, to seek causes for anxiety. It has often been a matter of self-reproach with me that I have perhaps taken matters too easily; that I have been too—too—' He searched anxiously for words that should convey his meaning without at the same time implying any possible reproach to another; and Catherine, who understood perfectly his loyalty to Augusta, felt tenderly towards him, and regretted her suppressed smile.

'I have been too much given to ignoring what I have not altogether felt able to approve.'

'I do not think you need reproach yourself,' said Catherine, gently.

'Do you not, indeed?' he said earnestly. 'I am very glad to hear you say so, Catherine, very glad.' He paused, and added emphatically, 'I know no one whose opinion on such a matter I should value more than your own.'

Catherine flushed with surprise and pleasure, for Cecil was not given to expressions of praise.

'To cut a long story short,' he said, under the impression that he had been exceedingly loquacious, 'I feel impelled to tell you, in the very strictest confidence, that I have discovered that my trusted agent here, Mr. Crewe, has been systematically defrauding me for a great number of years. Could you have conceived it possible?'

Catherine expressed her sympathy and indignation very warmly, but she found it difficult to appear surprised. Country neighbours are in the way of hearing a good many criticisms of absentee landlords, and the character of Mr. Crewe had not stood high in local estimation.

Fortunately Cecil was too much occupied with his troubles to perceive her embarrassment.

'I have been obliged to send for my solicitor, Mr. Ash. He is a very clear-headed young man indeed. I thought it a great misfortune that his father, who had all our affairs at his fingers' ends, should be dead; but I am not sure whether old Ash had such

energy as this young man has shown.' He sighed wearily. 'I blame myself, Catherine. I have been away too much, and too much taken up with—with gaiety and frivolity.'

The words were so much at variance with his preternaturally solemn expression and the seriousness of his character, that again Catherine could have smiled, and again she restrained herself, noting the lines that unaccustomed care had engraven upon his handsome brow.

'I am sure, Cecil,' she said, with an indignant inflection of voice, 'that whatever you have done, or left undone, has been from no lack of conscientiousness. You have not been seeking your *own* pleasure.' She could not help a slight emphasis.

'I have not indeed,' he said, almost involuntarily, and sighed. 'Do you remember, Catherine, how very much occupied I used to be with the estate when first I inherited? When we lived here practically all the year round? Those were happy years. I wish very much we had been able to continue living at the Abbey. I do not think Crewe would have had so many opportunities; but it is no use regretting what cannot be helped. I suppose few of us would not do differently in many ways, if we had our time to live over again. One must pay the penalty for—for the carelessness of one's youth.'

Catherine knew that Cecil Adelstane was, in fact, paying the penalty for his choice of a silly and selfish wife, and for his weakness in allowing that wife to govern his actions; but she knew also that Augusta possessed a certain shrewdness in spite of her folly; which, combined as it was with want of principle and feeling, made it an easy matter for her to outwit her husband, who was quite as dull as he was conscientious.

'I hope the mischief done by Crewe is not irremediable, since you are able to go back to town,' she said soothingly.

'His own attitude in the matter has been of the greatest assistance,' replied Sir Cecil. 'I must tell you, Catherine, that I owe my discovery of the whole affair to George Chilcott. He gave me a hint that he feared I was relying too much upon Crewe's integrity, and drew my attention to the fact that the felling of the timber last winter in the Amery and Woolaway woods had been excessive. Crewe had evidently counted on my negligence to visit so outlying a portion of the property. I discovered that the woods had been practically destroyed, and that I was actually being charged for the thinning of the coppices while he had been selling quantities

of valuable and well-grown larch, and pocketing the proceeds. One discovery, of course, led to another, but I will not trouble you with the details. I have been grossly deceived and cheated through a long course of years, and my own neglect has been the contributory cause, leading him to become bolder and bolder as time went on, until he was utterly reckless, and believed he could do anything he chose with impunity.'

'What will you do with him?'

'Why—I fear you may think me weak, but, since he threw himself on my mercy, I have decided not to prosecute. It is not altogether from motives of charity,' said the scrupulous gentleman; 'but I am anxious to avoid a publicity and scandal that would, in effect, be very mortifying. As regards the moral aspect of the case, those who have worked under Crewe, and who could not have been altogether ignorant of his untrustworthiness, are now aware that he has been dismissed in disgrace, and I do not think any further details need transpire, since he has rendered it unnecessary for us to call witnesses by confessing the whole of his misdeeds. He has speculated so wildly with the money of which he has defrauded me, that he has actually profited nothing. It appears to me there is nothing to be gained by punishing him further. He is an old man—he will find no more employment—he is ruined. He served us well enough in the past, when my poor uncle was alive to look after him.'

'I cannot help being glad he will not end his days in prison,' said Catherine, apologetically.

'He is more likely to end them in the workhouse,' said Cecil gloomily. 'But it is not Crewe of whom I am thinking now, but of myself.'

'Yes?'

'I have not troubled Augusta with the details of this painful affair. For one thing, she has not time to read letters, and for another it is too long to write about. I have merely told her that I am dissatisfied with Crewe, and consequently intending to dismiss him. But I must now break to her my further intention of taking up our residence at Welwysbere once more. I can no longer reconcile it with my conscience to neglect my obvious duty. With the assistance of young Ash and his accountant, and the valuable help afforded us by poor Crewe himself, during the past three weeks, I have pretty well come to a full understanding of the state of affairs, and I am determined to act upon that understanding.

I am sure that Augusta will—nay that she must—enter into my feelings.’

Catherine felt equally sure she would not, and foresaw a dead-lock; nor did Sir Cecil’s careworn and anxious face express the hope and certainty that his words implied.

‘You will now understand, my dear Catherine, why, after pressing you to entrust Philippa to our care, I have been unable to share Augusta’s pleasure in her visit. But I am none the less grateful to you for sparing her to us, and I hope to be with her in London to-morrow. I wish you had been able to accompany her,’ said the innocent gentleman, who had no idea that Augusta had not included Catherine in her invitation. ‘But *you* are not to be tempted from your duty here.’

‘It is very hard to know where one’s duty lies,’ said Catherine, with a smile and a sigh. ‘Perhaps I cling too much to my chosen occupations, and should rather be looking after my daughter.’

‘I am sure Augusta will take every care of her,’ he said, believing sincerely that he spoke truth. ‘You know that we look upon Philippa almost as our own child—and a child to be proud of,’ he added, with a slight characteristic inclination of his head towards Catherine, as though he wished to intimate that he acknowledged her right to share in compliments regarding her offspring. ‘It is a great consolation to me, Catherine, that the next owner of Welwysbere should have had the inestimable benefit and advantage of your careful training. When I look around me here I never fail to recognise your—your positive genius for administrative order.’

‘I am afraid,’ said Catherine, smiling in spite of herself, ‘that Phil has not profited much by my training, such as it is.’

‘She is too young to show us yet what she can do. Your example will not be wasted upon her as she grows older,’ he said with conviction. ‘I was very much struck at Whitsuntide by the surprising extent of her knowledge of country affairs, and the—*the*—remarkable candour and courage with which she expressed her opinions.’

‘She does not lack candour or courage.’

‘Believe me, in the position Philippa will one day be called upon to occupy, those qualities are invaluable,’ said Sir Cecil, earnestly, and Catherine could not deny the truth of his contention.

‘Poor Cecil! they say he is so like his uncle, when he is but

the shadow of Philip,' she thought, and realised more strongly than ever before, that Sir Cecil's magnificent and striking appearance was but the disguise worn by a dull and feeble personality.

'And he looks such a very "parfitté gentil Knight,"' she thought regretfully, looking up at the straight clear-cut profile.

She watched him as he rode slowly away, a fine horseman on a fine horse, sitting very square and erect in his saddle, with a carriage of the head and shoulders silhouetted against the sunset sky that made his likeness to her dead husband almost painfully exact.

He had declined Catherine's timid offer of supper, for it would not have occurred to Sir Cecil as possible that, having ordered his dinner to be served at half-past eight as usual, he should not return punctually to eat it; and in the midst of his heartfelt confidences to Catherine he did not forget to glance occasionally at his watch, and to inquire solicitously whether his late visit were not encroaching upon her valuable time. Thus she recollected afterwards that it was exactly half-past seven when Cecil Adelstane took leave of her, and rode away from Shepherd's Rest in the direction of his home.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIPPA was of an age, and also of a disposition, to be more attracted by men of mature age than by boys, and she was very much piqued, upon arrival at the Lundys' party, that Colonel Moore did not immediately ask her to dance. Instead, he took up a position by Augusta's side, and remained there immovably; smiling at the boys and girls who were taking a more active part in the proceedings, but evincing no inclination to join them.

Philippa had divined that her adored Mme. Minart held the gallant colonel in very different estimation from the rest of the circle which at present surrounded her young charge. Mme. Minart was perhaps not so much on her guard with Philippa as she would have been with a pupil less devoted to her; and she permitted herself to laugh quite openly at Augusta, thus destroying the last shred of Philippa's illusions regarding her cousin's perfection.

This ridicule was not altogether in accordance, however, with Philippa's taste, and she showed sufficient uneasiness and disapproval to keep Mme. Minart's wit within bounds, which she might otherwise have exceeded, through the liveliness of her dis-

position, and the depths of her contempt for Lady Adelstane's understanding.

But although David Moore did not invite Philippa, nor anyone else, to dance with him, but occupied himself incessantly in paying attention to the elder ladies present, he yet watched her with great interest, and agreed heartily with Augusta's whispered opinions that she was much the handsomest of all the youthful beauties there assembled.

Augusta had really bestowed some thought upon the selection of her young cousin's dress, which was at once to be suitable and becoming for a large dance, and yet to indicate that the wearer had not yet joined the ranks of the *débutantes*.

As Philippa's height and development, and the sculptural severity of her straight features, made her look some years older than she was, the desired effect could only be obtained by a school-girl *coiffure*, and accordingly her bright chestnut hair was combed loosely off her fair brow, and tied with an immense bow at the back of her neck, so that it hung in a single waving cluster of curls below her waist, and very hot and heavy she found it. She was much mortified by the necessity for thus advertising her youth, at the expense, as she considered, of her appearance; and the youthful Lord Kentisbury sympathised warmly with her indignation, which she confided to him, for they were by this time on very friendly terms.

'Though you're quite wrong, you know, to think it isn't becoming,' he hastened to assure her; 'I bet you anything that any girl in the room would like to wear her hair like that—if she had hair like yours.'

'Nonsense, it looks ridiculous,' said Philippa, but she blushed with pleasure, for the language of compliment—from the lips of a young man—was new to her.

'But, of course, it's a beastly shame not to let you do it as you choose. Extraordinary thing, one's people never believe one knows what one likes best.'

'And what suits one best,' said Philippa, seriously; 'though I am very grateful to Cousin Augusta for taking such pains to choose such a lovely dress for me, you know, Charlie.'

'Of course,' he said, gravely, and if the young man smiled inwardly at the ingenuousness and country simplicity which enabled Philippa thus to discuss her toilette with him, he did not like her any the less for such a display of confidence. In fact, to the

delight and astonishment of his mother, the youthful marquis seemed inclined to fall in love with the very maiden she had selected for him (with the aid of Lady Sarah and Augusta) as the most suitable bride in the world.

Excitement and pleasure had this evening bestowed upon Philippa all the animation which she usually lacked, and in her white and silver gown, which half revealed and half concealed the fair arms and fairer throat, her childish, noble beauty of form and feature shone conspicuously, even among so many pretty, well-dressed, well-bred, and well-drilled maidens.

'I had no idea she was half so good-looking,' said Augusta contentedly; 'she will be quite a beauty, you know, in a few years' time, and she has lost a great deal of her *gaucherie* already, in the short time she has been with me. You see what a difference it makes when a girl is properly dressed.'

'I am going to make you angry,' said David, 'with my perversity in assuring you that I found her as handsome at Welwysbere in her blue frock and garden hat.'

'Oh, that is all nonsense! Or if you did, no one else could. I will tell you a secret. We are all determined to marry her to the young man she is dancing with now.'

A man of five-and-thirty is seldom pleased to hear that a beautiful girl is destined to be bestowed in marriage upon a youth of her own age.

'Fancy wasting her on a cub like that,' David thought, with disgust. 'That boy!' he said aloud, in sufficiently expressive accents.

'That boy, as you call him,' said Augusta, somewhat nettled, 'is——'

'Oh, I know who he is,' said David, who was a trifle outspoken for the London fashionable world, where, to say the truth, he did not feel much at home. 'It is young Kentisbury, and I have no doubt he would be considered a first-rate match. I know he is one of our biggest landowners——'

'He is quite a charming young man—and a cousin of Cecil's'—interrupted Augusta, rather coldly.

'A pity nature hasn't given him a better profile,' retorted David; 'a fellow with such an outline has no choice but to be a fool.'

Augusta was inclined to be annoyed; but she reflected that Colonel Moore was a hero and somewhat of a lion, so that if his

manners were rough he could be smiled upon indulgently all the same ; because such want of polish was in keeping, as she considered, with the character.

'You are really incorrigible. And why are you not dancing ? You have stuck by my side the whole evening,' she reproached him, coquettishly.

'I don't know any of them. They belong to a different world,' said David. 'And all these strange dances are Greek to me, to tell you the truth. A plain waltz or polka is all very well, but these mazurkas and reels and whatnots are out of my line.'

'It is only for the boys and girls—who learn all sorts of wonderful dances nowadays,' said Augusta. 'I am told a children's party of to-day is a very pretty sight.'

'Well, this is a children's party, and I am sure it is a pretty sight.'

'No, no, children's parties belong to the winter. This is a real boy and girl affair, and I am quite glad such dances have come into fashion again. It is as it should be. I have no patience with all these middle-aged married women prancing about,' said Augusta, with an indignation not the less warm because her increasing *embonpoint* and breathlessness had long rendered such prancing quite impossible for her.

But her indignation was transitory, for Augusta was in high good humour. Everything was as it should be. Many of her best friends were present, and her hostess had found time to congratulate her warmly upon the beauty of her *débutante*.

The summer night was perfect, still and warm ; so that the open windows, and the blocks of green transparent ice, overshadowed by roses and palms, which decorated every corner of the rooms were at once necessary and agreeable. The house was pleasantly cool without being draughty.

The courtyard, transformed into a tent, which was also a bower of blossom, was so perfectly arranged as to be quite as cool and comfortable as the house ; and the supper here was everything Augusta could wish.

She enjoyed her prawns in aspic and stuffed quail, and *pêche Melba*, in company with Major Cymbert, with whom she spent a very pleasant hour at a little table in a corner, while the conscientious Philippa searched in vain for her chaperon.

Philippa's conscientiousness was not the least part of her charm, and there was something piquant in the combination of so

much primness with so much beauty, which atoned for her excessive dignity of bearing towards the young gentlemen who were her partners.

Young Lord Kentisbury, to be sure, was treated with especial confidence, but then he was a cousin, and an acquaintance of some days' standing. But even Charlie was not permitted to escort her round the illuminated garden, as he ardently proposed and desired.

Augusta had told Philippa that she was to return to her side after every dance, and that any other course of proceeding was not good form, and Philippa was quite determined that she would be good form. In matters where she was less well instructed, however, she displayed her natural independence of character very plainly, and when her hostess led up to her a would-be partner whose appearance did not attract her, and who bashfully invited her to dance, the young lady said 'No, thank you,' without a moment's hesitation; and, with no idea of softening her blunt refusal by murmured excuses of previous engagements, she turned her back upon the astonished youth.

Colonel Moore was an amused spectator of this little incident, and, being of an unconventional and indeed somewhat over-candid disposition himself, was disposed rather to admire than to condemn the frankness of Philippa's behaviour. He stepped forward, invited her to go down to supper, and was flattered by the alacrity of her acceptance.

'I have been down three times already,' she informed him, as he found her the strawberry ice she chose as her refreshment. 'Boys are always wanting supper.'

'Then I presume you have had something more substantial on one of the three occasions.'

'No, I had a strawberry ice every time,' said Philippa, calmly. 'It seems to me stupid to waste time over eating and drinking when one is enjoying oneself.'

'I am glad you are enjoying yourself.'

She coloured.

'I should be enjoying myself more if I danced better. I dance badly,' she said in mortified tones. 'Yet I had lessons when I was twelve. A man came all the way from Bath to teach me. But I have been obliged to sit out most of the dances—with my partners, of course,' she added with dignity. 'When they have sensible things like waltzes and polkas of course I can dance.'

'That is just what I have been saying.'

'It is different for you. You have been in deserts and places. No one expects *you* to care about such nonsense. But I ought to know all the things the other people of my age know,' she said resentfully.

'But still you are enjoying yourself.'

'Oh yes, I have never enjoyed anything so much. It all looks like fairyland. The house is like an enchanted palace. I have never seen anything like it before. The girls wear such lovely frocks. I wish I knew them all. They all seem to know each other,' she said wistfully, 'but I scarcely know anyone except Joanna, Charlie's horrid sister whom I can't bear. But still it is delicious; and the roses are much more beautiful than any *we* ever grow.'

He smiled.

'Does it not seem a pity to waste such perfect blooms on a single evening?'

Philippa considered the question seriously.

'No, I do not think it does,' she remarked, practically. 'Roses only last a very few days even if you don't cut them, and only a few people see them in a garden. And if you *do* cut them, even with the greatest care, changing the water and clipping the stalks as mamma always does—they are never the same the day *after* they're gathered. What can it matter if they live only half the usual time, so long as they look pretty and please people?'

'There is a good deal in that,' he said, laughing; and then he thought suddenly of Delia—with that contraction of the heart which accompanies a remembrance of the beloved dead in the midst of gaiety or rejoicing—Delia, who would be always young and beautiful in his memory, and in the memory of all who loved her, because she too had lived only half the usual time, and had looked pretty and pleased people.

'Do you go to a great many parties,' said Philippa's voice, breaking in upon his reflections.

'I have been to one or two. Now I have come to live in London, I suppose I must do as others do, more or less.'

'Don't you like living in London?'

'I like my work, now I'm beginning to get into it; but of course working in an office all day, when one is used to an outdoor life, is a bit irksome,' said David, rather surprised to find himself talking almost confidentially to this mere child, as he told himself

she was ; but the deep blue, long-lashed eyes were fixed with sincere interest upon him, and a child who is sympathetic and who believes in the speaker is a good listener.

Philippa criticised Catherine ; secretly believing herself wiser than her mother, and indeed than any of her relatives ; as the majority of young people, secretly or openly, always have been accustomed to consider themselves wiser than their parents and guardians. But she did not criticise David Moore, and was, on the contrary, exceedingly flattered that he should talk to her thus, and pleased to observe that young Kentisbury hovered round uneasily, not daring to interrupt, nor to claim his partner for the dance that was lawfully his own. For, though he might be one of the largest landowners in Great Britain, and the head of a noble house, he was also a subaltern in the Guards, and entertained a very wholesome respect for his distinguished senior.

‘What is your work, Cousin David ?’

‘Sitting in a very small room and writing endless letters,’ he said smiling.

‘Why do they want a soldier to do that ?’

‘Because the letters have to do with military subjects.’

‘I see, and they want someone with practical experience,’ said Philippa, nodding. ‘That seems sensible. But when will you go back to fighting ?’

‘Why, in the next war, I hope !’ he said laughing. ‘But in the ordinary course I shall go back to soldiering in about three years, I expect. All depends upon how I get on, you know.’

‘I would rather do active work than writing, but of course one ought to try all kinds of life,’ said Philippa, very calmly.

‘Do you want to try all kinds of life ?’ he said, half jesting and half earnestly.

‘I intend to,’ she said, very seriously. ‘So far as a girl can, you know. Of course one cannot do all one wishes, like a man. But I would like to see a great many people, and visit a great many countries, before I settled down in my own home for good.’

‘Would it not make home seem dull afterwards ?’

‘No,’ said Philippa, surprised ; ‘when one has seen everything one is content to settle down ; not when one has seen nobody and been nowhere. Unless indeed,’ she added thoughtfully, ‘one has a very vivid imagination and is very fond of books, like mamma. She is quite contented to read about things and says it’s the same as seeing them. It’s not the same to me.’

'Nor to me,' said David, simply, 'though I'm fond enough of reading.'

'But you will settle down some day.'

'Shall I?' said David. 'Well, I suppose so;' he shrugged his shoulders. 'Most men dream of settling down some day, but I should like to cling on a little longer before I indulge in such dreams.'

'When will they make you a K.C.B.?'

'Probably never,' but he smiled.

'They are sure to in the end,' she said confidently. 'If I were a man I should be prouder of the honours I had earned than of the honours I inherited.'

'So would I, in a way—though, in my case, there's no one in particular left to care whether I get any or not, which does away with pride altogether.'

'Why—we're all proud of you,' cried Philippa, indignantly, 'but I *would* like you to get a K.C.B.,' she added, and then blushed at her own enthusiasm. The warm flush softened her severe young beauty into a loveliness that must have appealed to a harder heart than David's, who could not be insensible to such innocent flattery.

'Then I must do my best to win my spurs—when so fair a princess bids me,' he said, laughing and colouring; but he drew the slender hand through his arm rather tenderly, as he led Philippa upstairs.

After this interlude he was conscious of a slight change in the sentiments with which he regarded the tall, youthful vestal in white and silver, who but a few moments since had been to him only Catherine's child. He realised that Philippa had entered upon her inheritance of womanhood, and had a very distinct personality and will and wishes of her own.

'And Catherine said she was a baby,' he reflected, and laughed slightly to himself, forgetting that the side of her character which Philippa had shown him was different indeed from that which she exhibited towards her mother.

There was another person whose first careless sentiments of admiration and liking were changing towards Philippa Adelstane; but as young Lord Kentisbury was some fifteen years younger than David Moore, this change was proportionately swifter; and his boyish compliments became open declarations of love before the close of that memorable dance.

Philippa drove home with her *chaperon* through the grey dawn of the streets, too much excited to perceive the odd appearance which Augusta's complexion presented in the unkind light of the morning.

Charlie's protestations rang in her ears, only to be dismissed with scorn as boyish nonsense at one moment, and recalled at the next as sweetest food for maiden vanity.

Other words had made a deeper impression upon her than the babble of young Kentisbury.

'He said—he said he would do his best to win his spurs'—thought Philippa, with burning cheeks and beating heart, 'as though he had not won them a thousand times over if there were any justice in this world.'

Catherine had acquired the habit of sitting up late and reading, in the hope that she might thus be able to court sleep the more easily when she at last retired to rest. Miss Dulcinea kept early hours, and as she led an active outdoor life, and was possessed of a peculiarly peaceful temperament, she found no difficulty in obtaining nine or ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. But with the departure of Philippa, the demon worry had taken possession of poor Catherine's pillow; presenting to her tormented imagination a thousand vivid pictures of her child in danger and difficulty, so that she sometimes started up with the cold dews of anguish and terror breaking forth on her brow; ready to dash off, as it were, into the darkness of the night, and rescue her darling from she knew not what. It was the thought of Philippa's own vexation at such an exhibition of maternal over-fondness that alone restrained her from actually putting into practice in the daytime the plans she evolved in the silence of the night, for travelling up to town, and seeing for herself how her child was faring at the hands of Augusta.

In the daylight she could view the matter more calmly, put a curb upon her nervous fancy, and dwell with pleasure on the thought that in a few weeks Philippa must be restored to her. But in the dark, philosophy failed; she tossed sleepless until the dawn brought its own strange soothing; and the gleam of a new day breaking over the spires of the larches somehow calmed her troubled spirit, so that she would be sleeping heavily at the hour when she was accustomed to rise.

She had discovered, or fancied, that the demon was in part exorcised by a few moments spent in the silent immensity of the

night outside her cottage, before she went up to her own room ; and on the night of Cecil's visit she closed her book a little before twelve o'clock, and stole out into the garden, opening the door very softly that the sleeping household might not be disturbed. Here she was able to forget that Philippa was at the present moment very probably over-heating or over-tiring herself in a London ball-room ; she forgot to wonder concerning her child's health or her appearance, or the measure of her filial affection ; and stood, with hushed breath and tranquil spirit, gazing across the quiet enclosure of her own beloved domain—so unfamiliar and ghostlike in the light of a pale moon, obscured by scudding clouds—to the valley below, half veiled in a faint silver mist, whence emerged the dark outline of the square church tower which marked Philip Adelstane's resting place. She looked upwards to the innumerable glittering worlds of the silent unfathomable universe ; and as she looked her cares, her troubles, and her anxieties appeared small and transient, even to vanishing point.

Then a sound recalled them, and her musing spirit returned, hurried and alarmed, to earth and the life of every day.

There was the gleam of a lantern through the hedge ; the sound, unusual at this hour, of a man's step in the lane beyond her garden gate.

'What is it ? I am here,' she called, with that sudden leap of the heart, too familiar to one whose days and nights are shadowed with that nameless apprehension of motherhood.

At the gate the man lifted his lantern, and slackened his pace coming up the path, as though to get breath for his intended communication, and Catherine suddenly sighed with relief to perceive he was not from the post office.

It could not then be a telegram concerning Philippa ; her fears lessened, and she stood awaiting him in the open doorway, which threw a square illumination on the gravel path and lawn ; in which he presently stood, and revealed himself as a groom from the Abbey.

'I beg your pardon, my lady,' he panted, 'they sent me up—I said I cude run in the time it wude take tu get back tu stable and saddle a harse. 'Tis a dreadful accident, my lady, has happened tu Sir Cecil.'

'An accident !'

'Oh, my lady, I don't know how tu tell on't. I be arl shaking myself,' said the man, with a sob of agitation. 'Him didn't come

home tu's dinner as usual, and us was surprised, vor yu know how punctual he du be. But us didn't know where he was and thart he'd been detained like. And about an hour ago someone brart word his harse had been seen grazing down tu Aplin's vield, wi' his bridle broke. Us arl started out then, in a fright tu luke vor 'm; and vound 'un, my lady—now doantee be opset like,' said the man in a pleading voice of subdued grief and excitement; 'we'm vound 'un tu the bottom of the lane here, at the turning arf the high road. There be the mark where the harse putt un's fute tu a hole and fell, where zum vule had hitched out a big stone to stiddy a waggon, very like; and us thinks the master's head must have struck the stone in farling, my lady; vor 'tis clear he never mued no mar, and the doctor says as the life has been out of him vor hours.'

Catherine was too much stunned to speak. *The life had been out of him for hours*, and that evening he had bidden her farewell, with a smile on his handsome lips; and ridden away, in the very prime and glory of his manhood, full of thought and hope and planning for the morrow—who now lay low in the silence of death.

(To be continued.)

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